LETTERS

FROM ITALY,

IN THE YEARS 1754 AND 1755,

BY THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN EARL OF CORKE AND ORRERY.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS,

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.

Chaplain to his Lordship, Rector of St. ANDREW's and St. MARY BREDMAN's, and

One of the Six Preachers in CHRIST CHURCH, CANTERBURY.

Letter XV page 182.

Jus.ᵗ Duncombe inv.ᵗ et del. *Isaac Taylor sculp.ᵗ*

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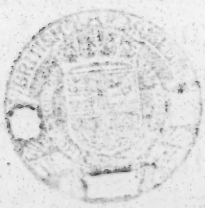

PREFACE.

THE noble author of the following Letters was the only ſon and heir of *Charles*, the fourth earl of *Orrery*, by lady *Elizabeth Cecil*, daughter of *John* earl of *Exeter*. He was born *January* 2, 1706-7. Mr. *Fenton*, the author of *Mariamne*, and one of the coadjutors of Mr. *Pope* in the *Odyſſey*, who had been ſecretary to lord *Orrery* in ſome of his campaigns in *Flanders*, and who, after being diſmiſſed from that employment in 1705, had been maſter of the free-ſchool at *Sevenoak* in *Kent*, was again taken into the earl's family as tutor to his ſon*. He taught lord *Boyle*

* This may ſerve to diſprove an aſſertion in Mr. *Fenton*'s life in *Biographia Britannica*, that "the "earl of *Orrery*, after diſmiſſing him in 1705, "paid him juſtly his ſalary as ſecretary, but "took no farther notice of him." See the Supplement to that work, p. 50.

to read *Engliſh*, and attended him through the *Latin* tongue from the age of ſeven to thirteen ‡. "A conſtant and free "friendſhip ſubſiſted*" between this amiable poet and his noble pupil till Mr. *Fenton*'s death in 1730; and his lordſhip always ſpoke of him, and often with tears, as "one of the worthieſt "and modeſteſt men that ever adorned "the court of *Apollo**. After paſſing through *Weſtminſter*-ſchool, his lordſhip was admitted, as a nobleman, at *Chriſt-Church*, *Oxford*, to which his father had been an honour and an ornament †, and was afterwards a conſiderable benefactor. One of lord *Boyle*'s firſt poetical eſſays was in anſwer to ſome verſes by Mrs. *Rowe* on an unſucceſsful attempt to draw his picture, and is as follows:

No "air of wit," no "beauteous grace" I boaſt;
My charms are native innocence, at moſt.

‡ From his lordſhip's own information.

* His lordſhip's own words in a manuſcript letter.

† In particular by his tranſlation of the life of *Lyſander*, from *Plutarch*, and his edition of the epiſtles of *Phalaris*, which occaſioned his celebrated controverſy with Dr. *Bentley*.

Alike

Alike thy pencil and thy numbers charm,
Glad every eye, and every boſom warm.
Mature in years, if e'er I chance to tread,
Where vice, triumphant, rears aloft her head,
Ev'n there the paths of virtue I'll purſue,
And own my fair and kind director you ||.

Soon after his coming of age, on *May* 9, 1728, lord *Boyle* married lady *Henrietta Hamilton*, youngeſt daughter of *George* earl of *Orkney*. This marriage, though entirely approved by lord *Orrery*, was unhappily the ſource of a family diſſention between the two earls. A difficult and delicate ſituation for a huſband who was tenderly affectionate to a moſt deſerving wife, and for a ſon who had the higheſt regard and attachment to his father! Such a father and ſuch a ſon could not long be diſunited. A reconciliation ſoon took place. "They ſoon," as Mr. *Budgell* expreſſes it *, "ran into each other's arms." This happineſs, however, was but tranſient; for the unexpected death of the earl of *Orrery*, which happened *Auguſt* 28, 1731, prevented his cancelling, as he had intend-

|| Mrs. *Rowe*'s works, vol. 1. p. 163.
* In his Memoirs of the *Boyle* family, p. 252.

ed, a clauſe in his will, (having ſent for his lawyer with that view) by which he bequeathed to *Chriſt-Church*, *Oxford*, his valuable library, conſiſting of above ten thouſand volumes, (the Journals of the Houſe of Lords, and ſuch books as related to the *Engliſh* hiſtory and conſtitution, alone excepted,) together with a very fine collection of mathematical inſtruments. The ſon was allowed three years to ſeparate the books above mentioned from the others. His feelings and behaviour on this trying occaſion cannot be ſo well expreſſed as in his own words: "Give "me leave to own (ſays he to his ſecond ſon, twenty years after) "how ſenſibly "I felt the force of an arrow directed "from your grandfather's hand. The "wound, I believe, was not deſigned to "be laſting. It was given in a paſſion, "and upon an extraordinary occaſion: "but afterwards he was ſo deſirous to "heal it, by a return of the greateſt de-"gree of friendſhip and affection, that "he had directed the remaining ſcar to "be entirely eraſed, when his unexpect-"ed and too ſudden death prevented the "completion of his kind intentions, and

"the

" the perfection of my cure. With dif-
" ficulty I ſurvived the ſhock. As it
" was not in my power to avoid the ſe-
" vere decree, I obeyed; and, by my
" obedience, have flattered myſelf that
" I ſubmitted to the will of heaven.
" However, I have ſince thought that I
" could not offer a more grateful ſacri-
" fice to his manes, than by exerting
" thoſe faculties which he had, at firſt,
" cultivated with ſo much care, and had
" depreſſed, at laſt, only perhaps to
" raiſe them higher †." And doubt-
leſs with an alluſion to this " ſevere de-
" cree," in a letter to Mr. *Southerne* in 1733, ſpeaking of his ſons, then chil-
dren, " *Hammy*, (ſays his lordſhip) who is
" leſs ſedate than his brother, contents
" himſelf with his tops and his marbles,
" without enquiring into the natural
" cauſes of things: By this means, the
" youngeſt bids fair to be the favourite;
" for, I find, I muſt give the other a
" rap over the head in my will, or the
" next age will quite forget me ‡."

† *Remarks on* Swift, *Dublin* edition, p. 324.

‡ See vol. ii, p. 31. of *Letters by ſeveral eminent perſons appeaſed, Lond.* 1772.

Beſides this bequeſt, the earl of *Orrery* left ſeveral conſiderable legacies to perſons no way related to him, though he died extremely in debt ||. All theſe debts, inſtead of ſuffering his father's effects to be ſold, the ſon, with true filial piety and generoſity, took upon himſelf, and fulfilled the bequeſts by paying the legacies, and ſending the books, &c. within the limited time, to *Chriſt-Church*. But deep was the impreſſion which the loſs of a parent, thus aggravated and imbittered, left upon his mind; and a fit of illneſs, which it occaſioned, obliged him to repair to *Bath*. Receiving, while he was there, a letter from a friend, with ſome verſes encloſed, in which he was urged to "diſpell his grief by poetry, "and to ſhew that *Bath* could inſpire, "as well as *Tunbridge*," having written ſome humorous verſes from thence the year before, he returned the following anſwer:

Nor *Bath*, nor *Tunbridge*, can my lays inſpire,
Nor radiant beauty make me ſtrike the lyre:

|| So untrue is the aſſertion of Mr. *Budgell*, (p. 249.) copied in *Biographia Britannica*, that "the earl left his ſon a clear eſtate, and a conſi-"derable ſum in ready money."

Far

Far from the buſy crowd, I ſit forlorn,
And ſigh in ſecret, and in ſilence mourn:
Nor can my anguiſh ever find an end;
I weep a father, but I've loſt a friend *.

His private afflictions, however, did not abſorb his public duties, or prevent him from taking his ſeat in the Houſe of Lords, as an *Engliſh* baron †, the enſuing ſeſſion, and joining in the debate on a clauſe in the mutiny-bill. The applauſe which he gained by his ſpeech on that occaſion, is mentioned by Mr. *Ford* ‡ in a letter to Dr. *Swift* ‖, and alſo by Mr. *Budgell* §. And his lordſhip, with many other lords, recorded his arguments in a proteſt, dated *March* 7, 1731-2, as he did alſo, on the 29th of the ſame month, on a clauſe in the bill for reviving the duties on ſalt ¶.

In

* *Budgell*'s Memoirs, p. 257.

† Lord *Boyle*, baron of *Marſton* in *Somerſetſhire*, a title conferred on his father by queen *Anne*, *September* 10, 1711.

‡ Appointed gazetteer, by *Swift*'s intereſt, in 1710.

‖ See *Swift*'s letters, *Deane Swift*'s edition, vol. iii. p. 199.

§ In his dedication of the Memoirs above mentioned, p. xx.

¶ So unaccountably miſtaken is the *Iriſh Peerage*

In order to re-eſtabliſh his affairs, which were much embarraſſed by the villainy of his father's agent, lord *Orrery* went over into *Ireland* in the enſuing ſummer. The family-ſeat at *Charleville* having been burnt to the ground, by a party of king *James*'s army, in 1690 *, he reſided partly with a friend at that place, and partly at *Corke*. In that city he received another moſt ſevere ſhock, by the death of his counteſs, which happened *Auguſt* 22, 1732. "Though (as he obſerves) it pleaſed heaven afterwards to repair the loſs," in memory of this amiable lady the following character appears in his obſervations on *Pliny* †:

If pureſt virtue, ſenſe refin'd in youth,
Religious wiſdom, and a love of truth,

In aſſerting that "he did not take his ſeat as an "*Engliſh* baron till *November* 7, 1735," a miſtake which has been copied in the Supplement to *Biographia Britannica*, p. 16.

* *Lionel*, the third earl of *Orrery*, was then a minor, in *England*, and therefore could not have offended either party. "I have ſeen the ruins of this "houſe," ſays our author, "and could perceive, "by the few remains, that it had been a very "extenſive pile of building."

† B. viii. Epiſtle 5.

A mind

A mind that knew no thought ignobly mean,
A temper ſweetly chearful, yet ſerene,
A breaſt that glow'd with thoſe immortal fires
Which godlike charity alone inſpires;
If theſe could lengthen fate's tremendous doom,
And ſnatch one moment from the gaping tomb,
Death had relenting thrown his dart aſide,
And *Harriot*, Oh! my *Harriot*, had not died.

Her ladyſhip was interred with her anceſtors at *Taplow* in *Bucks*. Her excellent qualities and virtues were fully diſplayed in a poem on her death by Mr. *S. Weſley*, and in the dedication of *Shakeſpeare*'s works, by Mr. *Theobald*, to the earl ‡, dated *January* 10, 1733, "an "offering, to which (he ſays) lady *Or-* "*rery* did him the honour of making "an early claim; and therefore it comes "to her lord by the melancholy right "of executorſhip." "Many hints" he alſo profeſſes to have "borrowed "from hearing his patron converſe up- "on *Shakeſpeare*;" and adds, "Your "lordſhip may reaſonably deny the loſs

‡ Both theſe elogiums have been lately transferred, by miſtake, to the counteſs of *Burlington*, to whom the biographer ſuppoſes that *Shakeſpeare*'s works were dedicated. See a marginal note in the Supplement to *Biographia Britannica*, p. 17.

"of

" of the jewels, which I have diſparaged " in the unartful ſetting."

Some pathetic verſes on the death of the counteſs, dated *Marſton, December* 17, 1734, were addreſſed by his lordſhip to Mrs. *Rowe* ||, whom, as it appears from her poſthumous letter to him*, he had charged with " a meſſage to his *Henri-* " *etta*, when ſhe met her gentle ſpirit " in the bliſsful regions." Mrs. *Rowe*, during the latter part of her life, was one of lord *Orrery*'s neareſt neighbours and moſt eſteemed friends. And " his " approbation (ſhe ſaid) would be her " vanity and boaſt, if ſhe could but " perſuade herſelf ſhe deſerved it †." The houſe, where ſhe was born, belonged to him ‡. After her death, he always paſſed by it with the utmoſt vene-

|| See Mrs. *Rowe*'s Works, vol. i. p. 166.

* Printed in Mrs. *Rowe*'s life, prefixed to her Works, p. xxvi.

† See a letter from Mrs. *Rowe* to Mr. *Duncombe*, in *Letters by ſeveral eminent perſons deceaſed*, vol. i. p. 209.

‡ From his lordſhip's own information: It ſhould ſeem therefore that Mr. *Henry Grove* (in his life of that lady, juſt mentioned) is miſtaken in ſaying " ſhe was born at *Ilcheſter*."

ration. Lady *Orrery* left him three infants, *viz.* *Charles* lord *Boyle*, born *January* 27, 1728-9; *Hamilton*, born *February* 23, 1729-30; and lady *Elizabeth*, born *May* 7, 1731.

During his lordſhip's reſidence in *Ireland*, his friendſhip commenced with *Swift*, and in conſequence, with *Pope*. His verſes *to the Dean on his birth-day* *, are dated *Dublin*, *November* 30, 1732, for which *Swift*, in a letter (ſince publiſhed) dated *January*, 1732-3, "begs" the author "to accept his moſt hum-"ble thanks for the honour done him "by ſo excellent a performance on ſo "barren a ſubject." And in one of his letters to *Pope*, dated *Dublin*, 1732-3, he ſays, "We have got my lord *Orrery* "among us, being forced to continue "here on the ill condition of his eſtate "by the knavery of an agent. He is a "moſt worthy gentleman, whom I "hope you will be acquainted with †." To which *Pope* replies, "My lord "*Orrery* is a moſt virtuous and good-

* See *Swift*'s Works, *Faulkner*'s edition, vol. iv. p. 316.

† *Pope*'s Works, vol. x. p. 198.

"natured

" natured nobleman, whom I ſhould be " happy to know ‡."

Pope's epitaph on *Gay* gave occaſion to the following epigram by our author:

Entomb'd with kings though *Gay*'s cold aſhes lie,
A nobler monument thy ſtrains ſupply.
Thy matchleſs muſe, ſtill faithful to thy friend,
By courts unaw'd, his virtues dares commend.
Lamented *Gay*, forget thy treatment paſt,
Look down, and ſee thy merit crown'd at laſt!
A deſtiny more glorious who can hope,
In life belov'd, in death bemoan'd, by *Pope*?

This being mentioned by *Swift* to *Pope*, he, in his anſwer, compares " lord " *Orrery*'s praiſes to that precious oint- " ment *Solomon* ſpeaks of, which can be " given only by men of virtue ‖. Mrs. *Barber*, an *Iriſh* poeteſs, having deſired *Swift*'s opinion about dedicating her poems to his lordſhip, and ſeeming anxious to know how far ſhe might be allowed to draw his character, *Swift* acquainted lord *Orrery* with her difficulties, at the ſame time mentioning, with great addreſs, " the topics he imagined ſhe " deſigned to inſiſt on," though, for rea-

‡ *Pope*'s Works, vol. x. p. 203.
‖ *Ibid.* p. 211.

ſons

ſons of delicacy, he thought " ſhe would " better ſhew her prudence by omitting " them all." This ſmall ſketch of his lordſhip's character, by a hand unuſed to panegyric, and never ſuſpected of flattery, deſerves to be inſerted. " I gueſs (ſays he) " the topics ſhe deſigns to in- " ſiſt on; your learning, your genius, " your affability, generoſity, the love " you bear to your native country, and " your compaſſion for this; the good- " neſs of your nature, your humility, " modeſty, and condeſcenſion; your " moſt agreeable converſation, ſuited to " all tempers, conditions, and under- " ſtandings: perhaps ſhe may be ſo " weak to add the regularity of your " life; that you believe a God and pro- " vidence; that you are a firm chriſtian, " according to the doctrine of the church " eſtabliſhed in both kingdoms*." This letter is dated *Auguſt* 20, 1733.

His lordſhip, on his return to *England* in *October* following, having now no attachment to *London*, diſpoſed of his houſe in *Downing-ſtreet*, *Weſtminſter*, and alſo

* *Swift*'s letters, vol. v. p. 227.

of

of his ſeat at *Britwell* near *Windſor*, and retired to his ſeat at *Marſton** in *Somerſetſhire*. This place having been much neglected by his anceſtors, and being little more than the ſhell of a large old houſe, he amuſed himſelf in building offices, in fitting up and furniſhing apartments, and in laying out gardens and other plantations. And as ſtudy and retirement were his principal pleaſures, his father having bequeathed his books to *Oxford*, he furniſhed his library anew with the beſt authors.

In the enſuing ſeſſion we find his lordſhip's name, (with thoſe of many other peers) affixed to the proteſt on rejecting the bill relating to the officers of the army, and on removing the duke of *Bolton* and lord *Cobham* from their reſpective regiments; both dated *February* 13, 1733-4; on the bill for regulating

* This ſeat was bought by the firſt earl of *Corke*, of Sir *John Hippiſley*, and had formerly been part of the eſtate of *Edmund* earl of *Cornwall*. The earl of *Corke* left it to his fifth ſon, *Roger* lord *Broghill* (afterwards earl of *Orrery*,) who, upon the ruin of the royal family, and the death of *Charles* I. retired thither. See Morrice's *Memoirs of the firſt earl of* Orrery.

the

the elections of the *Scotch* peers, dated *March* 5, 1733-4; and on the vote of credit, *March* 29, 1734.

This ſummer, probably in his way to *France* *, lord *Orrery* viſited the tomb of his anceſtors, *Roger Boyle*, Eſq. and *Joan* his wife, in *Preſton* church near *Feverſham*. This monument was erected to their memory by their ſecond ſon, *Richard*, the great earl of *Corke*, in 1629; and his deſcendant, (when that title devolved to him) intended, if his life had been prolonged, to have repaired it.

On this occaſion, it may be obſerved, that the anceſtors both of *Swift* and his biographer were, about the ſame time, two centuries ago, natives, or inhabitants, of the ſame city. The mother of the firſt earl of *Corke* (above mentioned) *Joan*, the daughter of *Robert Naylor*, Eſq; was born at *Canterbury* in the year 1529, was married there to Mr. *Boyle* (of *Herefordſhire*) in 1564, and their ſecond ſon *Richard* was born there in 1566. From the year 1569 to 1624 the great-great-

* His lordſhip had been twice in the *Low Countries*, and in *France*, before his laſt journey. See pp. 2 and 3 of the following work.

grand-

grandfather and great-grandfather of the dean of St. *Patrick*'s were ſucceſſively rectors of St. *Andrew*'s in the ſame city, and both lie buried in the middle of the *High-ſtreet*, where St. *Andrew*'s church † lately ſtood. The *Swifts* afterwards ſettled, and are ſtill ſettled, in *Hereford-ſhire* ‡, the county from which the *Boyles* originally ſprung ‖.

In the next ſeſſion lord *Orrery* was one of the proteſters on diſmiſſing the petition of the *Scotch* peers, *Feb.* 28, 1734-5, on the amendments made to the bill for regulating the quartering of ſoldiers during the time of elections, *April* 16, and on rejecting the bill for explaining and amending the [*Scotch*] act for preventing wrongous impriſonment, *May* 9, 1735.

He was in *Ireland* again that ſummer *, and " to ſhew the condition of

† Taken down, by act of parliament, to enlarge the ſtreet, in the year 1764.

‡ Mr. *Thomas Swift* (grandfather of the dean) vicar of *Goodrich*, had a ſmall eſtate in that county, ſtill poſſeſſed by his great-grandſon, *Deane Swift*, Eſq.

‖ See *Biograph. Britann.* vol. ii. p. 880. note A.

* See a whimſical letter from his lordſhip to *Swift*, dated *Limerick*, *July* 18, 1735, in *Swift*'s letters, vol. vi. p. 17.

" that

" that kingdom in thoſe bleſſed times," *Swift*, writing to *Pope* under his lordſhip's cover, mentions that " lord *Orrery* has " 3,000*£*. a year about *Corke*, and the " neighbourhood, and has more than " three years rent unpaid †."

On the death of his amiable relation, that moſt promiſing youth, *Edmund* duke of *Buckingham*, (which happened at *Rome*, *October* 31, 1735,) he paid to his memory the juſt tribute of an elegiac poem ‡. In the winter of 1735, the duke of *Dorſet* being then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, the earl of *Orrery*, it appears, " was " moſt extremely obliging to him for " the whole ſeſſion, and neglected no op- " portunity to endeavour to make his " adminiſtration eaſy ‖."

In *April*, 1737, lord *Orrery* (then at *Corke*) earneſtly preſſed Dr. *Swift* to accompany him to *England*: " In the mid- " dle of *June* (ſays he) I will hope to " ſet ſail with you. *Hector* will fawn " upon you; Mr. *Pope* will come

† *Pope*'s works, vol. x. p. 251.

‡ Printed for *Brindley*, 1737.

‖ See a letter from lady *Betty Germaine* to Dr. *Swift*, in *Swift*'s letters, vol. iii. p. 186.

" out beyond the ſhore to meet you; " you will exchange *Cyclops* for men," *&c.* But in vain: *Swift* never ſaw *Marſton*; his laſt viſit to *England* was in 1727.

Pope being at that time very anxious about his letters, his lordſhip took over with him all that *Swift* had preſerved [or could find] which were not above twenty-five. " Pray, (ſays the dean, in one of " his laſt letters to *Pope*) let my lord " *Orrery* ſee you often: next to yourſelf, " I love no man ſo well ‡."

About this time, that his ſons might be educated under his own eye, and alſo have the benefit of attending *Weſtminſter* ſchool, he took a ſmall houſe in *Duke-ſtreet, Weſtminſter*.

After being a widower ſix years, lord

‡ *Pope*'s works, vol. x. p. 263. To ſhew how much the dean's memory was at that time impaired, in this letter, which is dated *July* 23, 1737, he ſays, " Lord *Orrery* goes over, as he " hopes, in about ten days, and will take with " him all the letters, *&c.*" Though among *Swift*'s letters, (vol. vi. p. 140.) is one from lord *Orrery* to the dean, dated from *London*, the ſame day, informing him that " Mr. *Pope* has his " letters,"

Orrery

Orrery married in *Ireland*, *June* 30, 1738, Mrs. *Margaret Hamilton*, only daughter and heireſs of *John Hamilton*, Eſq. of *Caledon* in the county of *Tyrone*, granddaughter of Dr. *Dopping*, biſhop of *Meath*, and niece of Dr. *Dopping*, biſhop of *Oſſory*. In a letter to this lady, on her intended nuptials, dated *June* 8, *Swift*, after pretending a prior claim, "as ſhe had made ſo many advances "to him, and confeſſed herſelf to be "nobody's goddeſs but his," archly waves it, and politely "permits lord "*Orrery* to make himſelf the happieſt man in the world; as I know "not (he adds) any lady in this kingdom of ſo good ſenſe, or ſo many accompliſhments." The ſame character he alſo gives her in his laſt (printed) letter to *Pope*. And lord *Orrery*, in a letter written the day before his marriage, humorouſly triumphs over his rival, "on "ſeeing the day when toupets, coxcomical lords, powdered 'ſquires, and awkward beaux join with the dean of St. "*Patrick*'s in the loſs of one and the "ſame object."

In the ſucceeding ſeſſion of the *Britiſh*

parliament his lordſhip was one of the peers who ſigned two proteſts relating to the *Spaniſh* convention, the one dated *March* 1, 1738-9, the other *June* 4, 1739.

In the ſame year he publiſhed a new edition, in two volumes octavo, of the *Dramatic works* of his great-grandfather *Roger* the firſt earl of *Orrery*. In the ſecond volume was printed, for the firſt time, a comedy by his father, called *As you find it*, which had been acted with great applauſe, and whoſe "only fault," Mr. *Budgell* ſays, "was its having too "much wit."

The *State-letters* of the firſt earl were alſo publiſhed by his deſcendant, in one volume folio, in 1742. In this year lord *Orrery* was deprived of his old dramatic friend *Tom Southerne*, the laſt ſurviving wit of *Charles* II's reign, the evening of whoſe days had been cheared and enlivened by the notice of our author. On *May* 25, 1742, his lordſhip (with other peers) ſigned a proteſt on rejecting the indemnifying bill; as he did alſo, *January* 31, 1743-4, in relation to the *Hanover* troops.

Lord *Orrery* was preſented to the honorary

norary degree of doctor of civil law, by the univerſity of *Oxford*, *Auguſt* 25, 1743. He was alſo a fellow of the royal ſociety. In 1746, lord *Boyle* being ſettled at *Oxford* *, and Mr. *Boyle* in the college at *Weſtminſter*, their father quitted *London*, and fixed his reſidence at *Caledon* in *Ireland*. The maſterly manner in which Mr. *Boyle* acted the part of *Ignoramus*, (the reverſe of his real character) and ſpoke the epilogue †, in the *Dormitory* at *Weſtminſter*, in *December*, 1747, did great credit to his genius, and will long be remembered by his friends and contemporaries. For want of ſuch actors, that play has not been performed ſince.

The ſecond volume of *Biographia Britannica* being publiſhed in 1748, lord *Orrery* thanked Dr. *Campbell*, "in the "name of all the *Boyles*, for the honour "he had done to them, and to his own "judgment, by placing the family in "ſuch a light as to give a ſpirit of

* His lordſhip was admitted of St. *Mary Hall* *May* 23, 1745.

† See this epilogue in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1748, p. 36.

" emulation to thoſe who were here-
" after to inherit the titles †." If equal juſtice had been done to him, if the ſame hand had compiled his article in the Supplement to that work, the preſent attempt would have been ſuperfluous.

His lordſhip reſided in *Ireland*, with little intermiſſion, till the year 1750, happy in that domeſtic tranquillity, " that" ſtudious " retirement and inac-
" tivity, from which he was ſcarce ever
" drawn, but with the utmoſt reluct-
" ance*." Indeed (to adopt his own
" words) whenever we ſtep out of do-
" meſtic life in ſearch of felicity, we
" come back again diſappointed, tired,
" and chagrined. One day paſſed under
" our own roof, with our friends and
" our family, is worth a thouſand in
" any other place. The noiſe and buſ-
" tle, or as they are fooliſhly called,
" the diverſions of life, are deſpicable
" and taſteleſs when we have once ex-

† His lordſhip's own words in a manuſcript letter.

* Eſſay on the life of *Pliny*, p. lxxiii.

" perienced the real delight of a fire-
" ſide *."

In *March*, 1750, his lordſhip's eldeſt daughter, lady *Elizabeth Boyle*, was married to *Thomas Worſley*, Eſq; (afterwards Sir *Thomas Worſley*, Bart.) of *Pilewell*, *Hants* †.

During his reſidence in *Ireland*, his leiſure was employed in laying out gardens and plantations, improving the fine ſituation of *Caledon*, and adorning what he then thought would be the future reſidence of his youngeſt ſon *Edmund*: And at his return to *Marſton*, he continued his alterations and improvements in the houſe and gardens there, for which many of the plans were deſigned by lord *Boyle*, who had a taſte for architecture. Mean time the amuſement of his winter-evenings ‡ was his tranſlation of *the Letters of* Pliny the younger, *with Obſervations on each Letter*, *and an Eſſay on* Pliny's *life*, *addreſſed to* Charles

* His lordſhip's own words in a manuſcript letter.

† Her ladyſhip is now a widow. Her ſon, Sir *Richard*, is the preſent baronet.

‡ See his Eſſay on the life of *Pliny*, p. lxxiii.

lord Boyle. The Eſſay is dated *Leiceſter-Fields*, *January* 27, 1750-1. This tranſlation, which was publiſhed in *London*, in two volumes quarto, in *April*, 1751, was ſo well received by the public, that three editions of it have ſince been publiſhed in octavo. In the ſummer of the ſame year he addreſſed to his ſecond ſon, *Hamilton* (then a ſtudent of *Chriſt-Church* *) a ſeries of Letters containing *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr.* Jonathan Swift, *Dean of St.* Patrick's, Dublin; under which title they were publiſhed, in octavo, 1752. Four editions of this work have been printed ſince.

In *Auguſt*, 1752, *Henry* †, ſince well known to the world as the huſband and correſpondent of *Frances* †, being at *Caledon*, where lady *Orrery* then reſided,

* He was matriculated, *June* 14, 1748, was admitted ſtudent of that college in *December* following, proceeded regularly to the degree of LL. B. *May* 15, 1755, was created LL. D. by diploma in 1763, (when he was appointed High-Steward of the univerſity,) and continued ſtudent of *Chriſt Church* (on a faculty) till his death in 1764.

† Mr. *Richard* and Mrs. *Elizabeth Griffith*, which alſo was her family name.

juſtly

juſtly characteriſed her ladyſhip in the following manner; "Her affability and "unaffected manners, not leſs than her "food, which is little more than bread "and pulſe, milk and water, would be-"fit a cabbin; while her taſte, ſpirit, "and politeneſs might become a pa-"lace *." And *Frances*, in one of her letters, as juſtly ſays, "Dignity with-"out pride, good-humour without fol-"ly, wit without ſatire, charity without "oſtentation, and philoſophy with the "extremeſt quickneſs of underſtanding "and tenderneſs of heart, are all joined "in the amiable compoſition of that "unaffectedly good woman‡."

On *May* 4, 1753, a marriage took place between lord *Boyle* and Miſs *Suſanna Hoare*, eldeſt daughter of *Henry Hoare*, Eſq; of *Stourhead* in *Wilts*.

Notitiam primoſque gradus vicinia fecit;
Tempore crevit amor.

In *December* following, by the death of the *Britiſh Vitruvius*, *Richard* the

* *Letters from* Henry *to* Frances, vol. ii. p. 174.
‡ *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 216.

third earl of *Burlington* and fourth earl of *Corke*, without iſſue male, all his *Iriſh* titles devolved to the earl of *Orrery* *. His *Engliſh* honours were extinct ‡.

To the periodical publication called *the World*, undertaken about this time by Mr. *Moore* (that bow of *Ulyſſes*, in which it was the faſhion for men of rank and genius to try their ſtrength) our author contributed three papers, *viz.* N°. 47, 68, and 161. Two papers in the ſame collection, *viz.* N°. 60 and 170, were written by Mr. *Boyle*. And in the laſt number of *the Connoiſſeur*, a work of equal merit, publiſhed by Meſſrs. *Thornton* and *Colman*, G. K. (which was his lordſhip's ſignature) is particularly diſ-

* Theſe two earls were third couſins, *Richard*, the firſt earl of *Burlington*, being the ſecond ſon, and *Roger*, the firſt earl of *Orrery*, the fifth ſon, of the great earl of *Corke*. The two intermediate brothers died without iſſue.

‡ Unleſs the barony of *Clifford* be excepted, which, being a barony in fee, is ſuppoſed to have deſcended to the earl's (then) only ſurviving daughter, the late marchioneſs of *Hartington*, and as ſuch to be now veſted in her ſon, the preſent duke of *Devonſhire*.

tinguiſhed

tinguiſhed as their "earlieſt and moſt "frequent correſpondent;" and "we "are ſorry (they add) that he will not "allow us to mention his name; ſince "it would reflect as much credit on our "work, as we are ſure will redound "to it from his compoſitions." To this work he contributed the greateſt part of nine numbers. Theſe papers are chiefly of the humorous kind; and for humour, innocent humour, no one had a truer taſte or better talent.

On *September* 20, 1754, the earl and counteſs of *Corke*, and their daughter, lady *Lucy Boyle*, ſat out on the journey which occaſioned the following letters; of which therefore it is needleſs to ſay more than that, during his reſidence at *Florence*, he had an opportunity of preſenting to the Academy *della Cruſca* his friend Mr. *Johnſon*'s *Engliſh* Dictionary, (then juſt publiſhed,) which was received with due regard by that learned body, though the gout, his inveterate enemy, introduced by a ſevere winter †, overtook

† Lord *Corke* kept a diary of the weather, and "the account from *December* to the middle of "*May*

took him even in *Italy*, and prevented him from attending the exerciſes of the Academy; that he reſided in that city, and its neighbourhood, with general eſteem, converſing freely with books and men, and from both, aſſiſted by manuſcripts, collecting materials for a *Hiſtory of* Tuſcany (of which ſome mention is made in the following work *) from *October* 23, 1754, to *September* 20, 1755, and that, returning to *England* through *Germany* and part of *Holland*, hoſtilities having juſt commenced with *France*, he arrived at *Marſton* in *November* following.

On the death of archbiſhop *Herring*, in *March*, 1757, his lordſhip expreſſed himſelf as follows: "He was what a "biſhop ought to be, and is, I doubt "not, where all biſhops ought to be. "Honour and reverence will attend his "name while this world laſts; happineſs "and glory will remain with his ſpirit "for ever."

"*May* (he ſaid) was amazing. The heat of *Italy* "is univerſally acknowledged; ſo ought the "cold to be. The uncertainty of the weather "was ſtill more ſurpriſing than the cold: we "had all kinds of ſeaſons in a day."

* See p. 178.

The

The ſituation of public affairs at that time being ſuch as required, in our national councils, the utmoſt exertion of wiſdom and integrity, his lordſhip was urged, by one of his friends, to exchange his retirement for a more public ſcene, in an ode, of which the following is the concluſion:

To *Laureſtinum*'s groves retir'd,
Your *Pliny* fled from care,
Yet, when his country's voice requir'd,
He fill'd the conſul's chair.
Then, like that conſul, lend your aid
To prop our tott'ring walls,
For *Rome* demands you from the ſhade,
And hoary *Nerva* calls.

Dr. *Swift*'s *Hiſtory of the four laſt years of queen* Anne (mentioned in the *Remarks on* Swift, Letter XXIV.) being publiſhed in the year 1758, lord *Corke* deſired his friends to contradict the report of his conſenting to give the public ſo pernicious a piece. "The more it is examined (ſaid he) the leſs it will anſwer the end either of the author or of the publiſher."

In that year his lordſhip ſuſtained the ſevereſt domeſtic affliction that could befall him, by the death of his excellent lady,

lady, *Margaret* counteſs of *Corke* and *Orrery*, who died, after a ſhort illneſs, in *Great Marlborough-ſtreet*, *London*, *November* 24. This ſhock, however, he ſupported like a man, like a chriſtian, and with reſignation again "ſubmitted "to the will of heaven." Her ladyſhip left iſſue, *Edmund* †, born *November* 21, 1742, and lady *Lucy* ‡, born *May* 27, 1744.

Still, like *Pliny*, "taking refuge in "his ſtudies as the only retreat from "grief," lord *Corke* publiſhed, in the beginning of the year 1759, in one volume octavo, *Memoirs of the Life of* Ro-

† So named from his amiable relation, *Edmund* duke of *Buckingham* before mentioned. On the death of his brother, *Hamilton* earl of *Corke*, &c. in *January*, 1764, he ſucceeded to the titles of his family, and is the ſeventh earl of *Corke* and *Orrery*. His lordſhip married, *Auguſt* 25, 1764, Miſs *Anne Courtenay*, one of the daughters and coheireſſes of *Kellond Courtenay*, Eſq; knight of the ſhire for the county of *Huntingdon*, and niece to the earl of *Sandwich*. Their iſſue are lady *Lucy Iſabella*, born *Auguſt* 10, 1766, *Edmund* lord viſcount *Dungarvan*, born *October* 21, 1767, *Courtenay*, born *September* 3, 1769, and *Hamilton*, born *September* 23, 1770.

‡ Married, *July* 10, 1765, to *George* lord viſcount *Torrington*.

bert

bert Cary, *earl of* Monmouth, from an original manuſcript preſented to him by a relation ‖, with a preface, and explanatory notes. A ſecond edition of it was publiſhed in 1760. Prefixed is a ſhort but tender dedication to his youngeſt ſon, "though laſt, not leaſt in love," dated *Marlborough-ſtreet*, *January* 13, 1759, and ſigned "Now, alas! your only "parent." There is alſo, as a frontiſpiece, "the royal proceſſion of queen *Elizabeth* to viſit her couſin-german *Henry* "lord *Hunſdon*, governor of *Berwick*," engraved from an old painting by *Marc Garrard*, mentioned by Mr. *Walpole* *, and others.

In *September* following, his lordſhip had alſo the misfortune to loſe his eldeſt ſon, *Charles* lord viſcount *Dungarvan*, and though, by the declining ſtate of health under which he had long laboured, his family and friends were prepared for the ſtroke, yet (as his father has obſerved, on a ſimilar occaſion †) "nature

‖ Lady *Elizabeth Spelman*, daughter to the earl of *Middleton*.

* Anecdotes of painting, vol. 1. p. 143.

† The death of *Fundanus*'s daughter. *Pliny*, B. v. Ep. 16.

"is

" is revulſed, when a child is buried by " a parent*."

The earl ſurvived this loſs about three years, dividing his time between his houſe in *Great George-ſtreet*, *Weſtminſter*, and his ſeat in *Somerſetſhire*, till an hereditary gout ‡, which all his temperance could only parry, not ſubdue, put an early period to his earthly exiſtence at *Marſton-houſe*, *November* 16, 1762, in the 56th year of his age, the ſame age at which his father died ‖. His remains were depoſited, near thoſe of his ſecond lady, in the burial-place of his family in *Frome* church.

* Lord *Dungarvan* left iſſue, one daughter, the Honourable *Henrietta Boyle*, born in 1755. His relict, lady *Dungarvan*, was married to *Thomas* lord *Bruce*, *Feb.* 17, 1761.

‡ See the following work, p. 177. His great-grandfather, the firſt earl of *Orrery*, who died in 1679, was afflicted with the ſame diſorder. See *Biograph. Britann.* vol. ii. pp. 904 and 909.

‖ *Neceſſe eſt tanquam immaturam mortem ejus defleam: ſi tamen fas eſt aut flere, aut omnino mortem vocare, quâ mortalitas magis finita quam vita eſt. Plin. Lib.* ii. *Ep.* 1. " I muſt look upon his " death as untimely, and I weep for him: yet I " ought not to ſay, he is dead; he only breaks " looſe from life, and ruſhes into immortality." *Lord* Corke's *tranſlation.*

His

His lordſhip was ſucceeded in his titles and eſtates by his ſecond ſon, *Hamilton* (then) lord viſcount *Dungarvan*, and one of the repreſentatives in the *Britiſh* parliament for the borough of *Warwick* *.

The character of *John* earl of *Corke*, as a writer and as a man, may partly be collected from his own works, and partly from the teſtimonies which have been given of him by ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed among his contemporaries. I ſhall only beg leave to add, that, in every domeſtic and ſocial relation, in all the endearing connections of life, as a huſband, a father, a friend, a maſter, he had few equals. The luſtre which he received from rank and title, and from the perſonal merit of his family, he reflected back, unimpaired and undiminiſhed, and though "the poſt of honour" which he choſe and preferred was "a

* This noble earl did not long ſurvive his father. He was appointed High-ſteward of the univerſity of *Oxford* by the earl of *Litchfield*, the chancellor, in 1763, and dying at *Marſton-houſe*, unmarried, *January* 17, 1764, his titles and eſtates devolved to his half-brother, *Edmund*, the preſent earl, as mentioned in a former note.

" private ſtation," though he was neither a ſtateſman nor a ſoldier, like the firſt lord *Corke*, the firſt lord *Orrery*, and his own father, the rival of *Palladio*, like the late lord *Burlington*, or the rival of *Bacon*, like Mr. *Robert Boyle*, yet in a general taſte for literature, or, as they are commonly called, polite ſtudies, he was by no means inferior to his anceſtors. " Being much in the great world at the " beginning of his life, he deſpiſed and " deteſted it when he arrived at years of " reflection. His conſtitution was ne- " ver ſtrong, and he was very thankful " that it was not ſo; as his health was a " true and no very irkſome excuſe to " avoid thoſe ſcenes, by which his body " would have been hurt, and his mind " offended. He loved truth even to a " degree of adoration. He was a real " chriſtian;" and, as ſuch, " conſtantly " hoped for a better life, there truſting " to know the real cauſes of thoſe ef- " fects, which here ſtruck him with " wonder, but not with doubt †." On

† His lordſhip's own words in ſeveral private letters.

the

the whole, it may be eaſy to trace, in ſeveral inſtances, a ſtriking reſemblance between him and his favourite *Roman*. Though they both had ſeats in the ſenates of their reſpective countries, the one, by his employments, being a magiſtrate and a judge, and the other, by birth, a judge and a legiſlator, yet in privacy and retirement, at *Tuſculum* and *Marſton*, among their families, their books, and their friends, they paſſed their happieſt hours. Irreproachable were their morals; for temperance, in particular, and ſweetneſs of nature, they were both diſtinguiſhed. The early impreſſion which was made on the mind of the nephew, by his uncle's cataſtrophe at *Veſuvius*, could not exceed the ſhock which the ſon received from his father's will. Fond as they both were of rural eaſe, for rural ſports they had neither inclination nor leiſure. In conjugal love they were both twice happy. Great as were the taſte, the judgment, the virtue and affection of *Calpurnia*, the late counteſs of *Corke* was in every reſpect her equal. "*Pliny* "treated his domeſtics as his friends, and

" lamented their deaths as if he had " been their parent ‡." No leſs exemplary as a maſter was the earl of *Corke*; and even his domeſtics of the brute creation had their labours rewarded with tenderneſs, and their lives prolonged by attention ‖. For poetry, though none of *Pliny*'s verſes are tranſmitted to us, they both had a talent. In familiar epiſtles they both excelled. " *Pliny*, in " ſome of his letters, is an hiſtorical " writer *;" he had been adviſed by many of his friends to write a hiſtory; and, according to *Caſſiodorus*, he put the advice into execution †. Hiſtorical alſo are many of the following letters, and if time had permitted the author to complete a work there mentioned, he would have been ranked by poſterity among the beſt hiſtorians of *Florence*. To a taſte for literature, and a thirſt for know-

‡ Obſervations on *Pliny*, B. viii. Ep. 16.

‖ In particular, a favourite horſe, whoſe life was prolonged to the uncommon age of 34, and a favourite greyhound, who lived to the age of 14, have monumental inſcriptions to their memory in the gardens at *Marſton*.

* Obſervations on *Pliny*, B. iii. Ep. 9.

† Eſſay on the life of *Pliny*, p. lxxii.

ledge,

ledge, both the *Roman* and the *Briton* had, as it were, a kind of hereditary right; in particular, *Pliny* the elder has been compared, as a philoſopher, by lord *Corke* himſelf, to his own great relation Mr. *Robert Boyle* ‡. Equally happy were the conſul and the peer in their private friendſhips. What *Arria* and *Fannia* were to the one, Mrs. *Rowe*, the *Britiſh Philomela*, was to the other. If *Pliny* had his *Martial*, lord *Orrery* had his *Southerne*. And, to complete the parallel, as *Suetonius* and *Tacitus*, the two beſt writers that *Rome* then produced, were the friends and correſpondents of *Pliny*, his tranſlator was no leſs fortunate in the friendſhip and correſpondence of *Swift* and *Pope*.

This ſmall tribute to the merit of a moſt amiable nobleman is paid by one who knew and eſteemed his talents and his virtues, and will religiouſly cheriſh his memory and his fame.

Chriſt Church, Canterbury,
Jan. 21, 1773. J. DUNCOMBE.

‡ Obſervations on *Pliny*, B. vi. Ep. 16.

ERRATA.

P. 26,	Note,	l. 4,	for	*Laujun* read	*Lauſun.*
Ib.		l. 7,		11	ii.
94,	l. 1.			ſtones	ſtories.
132,	Note *	l. the laſt,		*Norius*	*Varius.*
145,	Note,	l. 10,		*Exoriari*	*Exoriare.*
211,	Note,	l. 1,		*della*	*del.*
213,	Note,	l. 2,		*Piſtora*	*Piſtoia.*
221,	Note	l. 3,		*Piſtola*	*Piſtoia.*
240,		l. the laſt,		prize	price.
246,		l. 14,		politics	polities.

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N. B. The noble author's notes are diſtinguiſhed from thoſe of the editor by being marked with inverted commas " ".

TO

WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, Eſq.

LETTER I.

Lyons, October 2d, 1754.

SIR,

I Muſt refer you to your maps, if you will read this letter, and in my future letters I ſhall probably talk to you of roads and hills that are not to be found upon record, unleſs taken notice of in one of the vaſt volumes of *Atlaſſes*. If you are wearied in the journey, it is your own fault: remember you were poſitively reſolved upon a correſpondence with one of the *Appennigenæ*. Your ſon is young, and can undauntedly climb even to the top of *Parnaſſus*. Pray take

 him

him with you, if you ſtill hold your reſolution of following me into *Italy*.

I had ſo often beheld the gaieties of *Paris*, and they had made ſo ſmall an impreſſion on my heart, that I had no deſire to ſee them again. We therefore immediately ſtruck out of the *Paris* road, and paſſing from *Calais* through *Artois* into *French Flanders*, we reſted ourſelves at *Liſle*. The town of *Liſle* has nothing in it remarkably curious. The great ſquare *(La Place)* is very handſome and very large; however, not equal in ſize to *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. Their houſes are of ſtone, ſix or ſeven ſtories high, built entirely in the *French* manner, which, by want of all kind of proportion, by windows filled with ſmall panes of thick, yellow, muddy glaſs, by an aukward ſort of ornament, like and very unlike a pediment on the top, have a diſagreeable appearance to an *Engliſh* eye. The people themſelves ſeem to poſſeſs a happy mixture between the exceſs of

French

French gaiety, and the forbidding reſerve of *Engliſh* ſhyneſs. The men are genteel and well bred, the women modeſt and lively; but the men, as throughout *France*, are generally very thin, and the women exceſſively fat.

I had been twice before in the *Pais bas*, and was ſtruck with reverence a third time by the ſight of archbiſhop *Fenelon*'s monument at *Cambray*. It is modeſt, plain, and a proper emblem of his character. It is placed in the cathedral, which is large and extremely dark, ſo dark that I could not read monſieur *de Fenelon*'s epitaph; but his buſt, of white marble, carries in it a great reſemblance of thoſe prints and pictures which I have ſeen of him. Humility, goodneſs, and religion, appear very ſtrong characteriſtics in his countenance.

Over againſt the cathedral is another church, built within theſe ten years, and dedicated to *St. Hubert*, the patron of hunting: his bones are, or are ſuppoſed to

be, incloſed within a very rich ſhrine under the high altar. The edifice itſelf is in the true ſtyle of *Roman* architecture. The pillars are of a beautiful white freeſtone. The floor is of marble. The church is light, airy, and chearful. It joins to a very rich abbey. Every ſpot belonging to it appears opulent and proſperous, while the cathedral looks gloomy, deſolate, and ruinous. Archbiſhop *Fenelon*'s memory is ſtill held in the higheſt veneration. The preſent archbiſhop is ſpoken of ſlightly, and with a degree of diſreſpect, if not of contempt. He lives entirely at *Paris*, and ſeldom viſits his ſee.

I muſt now carry you out of *Flanders*, through a part of *Picardy*, and a corner of the iſle of *France (Laon)* to *Rheims* in *Champagne*. The cathedral of *Rheims* is a pile of *Gothic* architecture, almoſt twice as large as *St. Peter*'s at *Weſtminſter*. Mr. *Addiſon* judiciouſly obſerves, that "if the "barbarous buildings had been executed "in a true and juſt ſtyle, they would "have

" have appeared as miracles of architec-
" ture to ſucceeding ages." The front of this ſtupendous church conſiſts of a vaſt number of ſtatues: Saints in miniature, placed in little niches, and in exact ſpaces; ſo that the eye is pleaſed and ſhocked at the ſame time. Magnificence is mixed with littleneſs, grandeur with meanneſs, proportion with diſproportion; conſequently it creates in our thoughts an uneaſy mixture of admiration and contempt. The painted windows are all perfect, and the ſun has a glorious effect upon the variety of their colours.

The kings of *France* are conſtantly crowned at *Rheims*. The ceremony, I dare ſay, is much more brilliant, though not more magnificent, than the *Engliſh* coronations in *Weſtminſter* abbey. The *French* are formed for gaiety, ſhew, and oſtentation; the *Engliſh* for dignity, ſerioufneſs, and compoſure. The former follow nature, they are genteel, and perfectly well adapted to all ſcenes of

vanity. The latter pervert nature by an aukward imitation of the *French*, whom they cannot equal, and therefore become ridiculous.

At a great diſtance from the *Notre Dame de Rheims* is the leſſer, but richer church of *St. Remi (Remigius)*. The ſhrine of this ſaint is very magnificent; it is adorned by a variety of precious ſtones and intaglios, ſome of them truly antique. The holy oil, with which the ſovereigns of *France* are anointed at their coronation, is kept in this church. We were aſſured, that the celeſtial unction was brought from heaven by an angel, and that it never decreaſes.

Let me not detain you by accounts of ſuperſtitious impoſitions, in many of which, perhaps, the perſon who impoſed, worked himſelf up to a degree, that made him at laſt believe his own inventions. In many more, prieſtcraft and worldly lucre have prevailed: and, in all, folly, ignorance, and narrowneſs of thought.

thought. I ſaw the holy oil, bits of the *Bethlehem* cradle, and a piece of *St. Somebody*'s thumb, with pity, ſcarce unattended by deriſion. But when I viewed the immenſe edifices built in honour, and to the glory of Almighty God, I could not avoid reflecting, that they bore a teſtimony of devotion in our forefathers, which might tacitly ſtrike their irreligious poſterity with ſhame. It is impoſſible to enter one of theſe immenſe edifices, without a kind of awe, which, when unattended by ſuperſtition, muſt, we may humbly hope, be acceptable to a Creator, who, at the ſame time that he appears incomprehenſible, has ſtill given his creatures ſufficient knowledge of his will, to require from them adoration, and a dutiful ſubmiſſion to ſuch of his laws, as are adequate to their comprehenſion.

From *Rheims* we went to *Dijon*, a large well fortified town in *Burgundy*, lying in the direct way from *Paris* to *Lyons*. The roads through which we paſſed afforded

us the greateſt variety of woods, rivers, and beautiful proſpects, that imagination could have formed, fond as it is of raiſing pleaſurable ideas, which are ſeldom, very ſeldom, anſwered. In *France*, the poverty of the people and the fruitfulneſs of the ſoil are circumſtances, that excite wonder and compaſſion. They are obliged to plow their ground every year, nevertheleſs it produces corn. The women (I ſpeak of the common people) are more induſtrious than the men: they labour, they carry burdens. The huſband is *Hercules* with the diſtaff; the wife is *Omphale* with the lion's ſkin. All the great cities, and the diſtricts belonging to them, at once proclaim the power and the ſhame of this arbitrary government. The *French* nobles are clad in purple. The *French* peaſants have ſcarce ſackcloth to cover them. There is no medium between laced cloaths and rags. The equipages and number of horſes ſeem to anſwer the wealth of the

Indies.

Indies. The perſons who make thoſe equipages, and who provide food for thoſe horſes, have not bread to eat; yet you have heard, and with great truth, that a ragged *French* beggar is merrier by nature, than a rich *Engliſh* nobleman can make himſelf by art. Education is ſaid to be a ſecond nature: climate, I believe, is a ſecond education.

The people in the provinces, through which we have paſſed, complain extremely of the rapine of the farmers-general. The peaſants murmur, but maintain their loyalty; yet that virtue is much leſs than I found it twenty years ago. They then adored their King, they now think it ſufficient to honour him. I have flown, like a bird of paſſage, you find, through a large part of the *French* regions.

We left *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* the 20th of *September:* we have met with no untoward accident: we have been free from complaints of every kind; and we have

have enjoyed the fineſt and the warmeſt weather, that has been ever remembered at this ſeaſon of the year. Our paſſage from *Dover* to *Calais* was no longer than three hours and ten minutes. From *Calais* to this place we have paſſed moſt of our time in poſt-chaiſes, often wiſhing for the eyes of *Argus* and the wings of *Dædalus*, but finding no effect from our wiſhes. Let *Scaliger* deſcribe to you the ſpot on which we have at preſent fixed our tents.

Flumineis Rhodanus, qua ſe fugat, incitus undis,
Quaque pigro dubitat flumine mitis Arar,
Lugdunum jacet, antiquo novus orbis in orbe;
Lugdunumque vetus, orbis in orbe novo *.

* Where the *Rhone* ruſhes with impetuous tides,
And the *Saon*'s dull current ſcarcely glides,
A new world in the old, we *Lyons* view,
Lyons, an old world alſo in the new!

My next ſhall be a comment on this ſcrap of poetry: 'till then, let this aſſure you, that I and my female travelling companions are, and will be, in all parts of the world, truly your's.

CORKE.

LETTER

LETTER II.

Lyons, October 4th, 1754.

DEAR SIR,

LET us ſtop, if you pleaſe, a little at *Lyons*. It is one of the largeſt and moſt flouriſhing cities of *France*. Its trade and ſituation are circumſtances that contribute much to its grandeur. The buildings are fine, particularly the town-houſe, and two ſides of the great ſquare, anſwerable to each other in ſize, height, and diſpoſition. In the middle is a large equeſtrian ſtatue of *Lewis* XIV, and on each ſide of him, at an exact diſtance, are two fountains, very properly adorned with figures in bronze. During the ſummer-time they are conſtantly playing, and give an agreeable refreſhment to the place. A third ſide of the ſquare is filled by

by a beautiful, little grove: the fourth conſiſts only of old irregular houſes.

But firſt let us conſider *Lyons* as a city of the *Celtic-Gaul.* It was built by L. MUNATIUS PLANCUS, the particular friend of *Cicero*, who pays him that very elegant compliment, which has been ſince ſo often applied to more modern generals: *Omnia ſumma conſecutus es, virtute duce, comite fortunâ* *. It is to *Plancus* that *Horace* ſo gaily preſcribes wine; either when encamped and fixed amidſt the din and claſh of arms, or deeply retired amidſt the ſilence and ſolitude of a rural life:

——*Tu ſapiens finire memento*
Triſtitiam, vitæque labores,
Molli, Plance, mero; ſeu te fulgentia ſignis
Caſtra tenent, ſeu denſa tenebit
Tiburis umbra tui †. Lib. i. Ode 7.

Plancus

* "Thou haſt ſurmounted every difficulty, "virtue being thy guide, and fortune thy com- "panion."

† Do thou, diſcreetly, with a friend,
And generous wine, thy brows unbend,
Whether

Plancus was a *Roman* of high birth, and higher reputation. He was the perſon, who is ſaid to have perſuaded the ſecond *Cæſar* to aſſume the name of *Auguſtus*, inſtead of *Octavius*. Little eloquence was neceſſary, I preſume, to byaſs the emperor towards the exchange.

Plancus, (indulge me a little in dwelling upon a favorite character,) was early bred to arms. He had commanded a legion in the time of *Julius Cæſar*. Soon after the death of that Emperor, he employed himſelf and his ſoldiers in building *Lugdunum*; perhaps not without ſome particular ambitious view. The confuſion of the commonwealth, conſequent to the murder of *Cæſar*, was ſuch as allowed, and even compelled, every *Roman* to provide for himſelf againſt outrage, and impending ruin. But as my thoughts of *Plancus* are purely ideal, I

Whether the camp thy fancy warms,
Or *Tibur* ſooths with peaceful charms.

quit

quit the ſubject, and paſs from ſurmiſe to reality.

Lugdunum was originally built in an iſland, that bore a triangular form. The little channel, which then rendered it an iſland, has been long ſince filled up; and the two rivers, the *Rhone* and the *Saone*, [*Rhodanus et Arar*] flow on each ſide of the town in a parallel manner.

No city has been more celebrated than *Lugdunum*, for the birth and reſidence of great men. *Auguſtus* reſided there three years. *Claudius* was born there in the 744th year of *Rome*. It was alſo the birth-place of *Caracalla* and *Geta*; and the retreat of *Domitian*, who in his excellent brother's life-time, withdrew to *Lugdunum*, under a pretence of ſtudy, and with a ſpecious intention of exerciſing his rare talents in poetry. *Tacitus* however ſeems to give another turn to the retreat; he hints as if *Domitian* retired from *Rome*, to hide that ſecret ambition of empire, and that envy of his brother's character,

racter, which he conſtantly retained in his boſom, and which might have been diſcovered by ſome prying eyes at *Rome*.

Plancus died, (I think) in his ſecond conſulſhip, above eighty years of age, full of honours, and crowned with his own laurels. You will find him mentioned in the annals of *Tacitus*, in a remarkable manner. *Cicero* and he were conſtant correſpondents. He was one of thoſe diſtinguiſhed characters of antiquity, which, by a different manner of education, later ages muſt always admire, but can never imitate.

Among the antiquities to be ſeen at *Lyons*, ſcarce any one appears more curious in its kind, than the ſpeech of the emperor *Claudius*, engraven on two tablets of braſs. The ſpeech itſelf, though full of art, eloquence, and what would be termed in theſe our days, knowledge of the world, is particularly deficient in what we eſteem politeneſs. In one part it degenerates into abſolute invective.

An

An evident proof that the *Urbanitas Romana* and the *Urbanitas Britannica* are widely different. The purport of the ſpeech is to obtain for the *Lugdunenſes* all thoſe privileges, which the moſt dignified *Roman* colonies enjoyed.

To judge by the oration itſelf, it is ſcarce poſſible to ſuppoſe that *Claudius*, in his aſcending days of life, was of that *imminutæ mentis*, which *Tiberius* imagined him. Empire, age, indolence, and luxury, might afterwards render him defective, and paralytic in his faculties; but even *Tiberius* allowed, that his intentions were good, and indeed this ſpeech in favour of his countrymen, and in defence of himſelf, is a ſtrong inſtance, that they were ſo.—The original tables are fixed in the veſtibule of the town-houſe. They were placed in their preſent ſituation during the minority of *Lewis* XIV, in the year 1657.

You will find in *Tacitus* a remarkable anecdote of the *Lugdunenſes*. The city

of *Lugdunum*, in the beginning of *Nero*'s reign, was entirely burnt. The Emperor gave a large ſum of money to repair ſo public a diſaſter. In remembrance of ſuch a benefit, this colony could never be induced to deſert their benefactor, no, not even when all the reſt of the colonies had unanimouſly, and indeed juſtly, forſaken him. *Lugdunenſis colonia*, ſays *Tacitus*, *pertinaci pro Nerone fide**. Is not ſo ſteady an inſtance of gratitude much to their honour ?

I do not recollect that *Domitian* is ſaid to have given any benefactions towards the repair of *Lugdunum*. Thoſe of *Trajan* are highly extolled. The *Forum vetus Trajani* is recorded as one of the many noble works of that emperor. It remained entire to the reign of *Charles the Bald*. It was on a hill, which lies above the preſent city, and where many pieces of antiquity are ſtill viſible. On the ſame hill

* " The colony of *Lugdunum* had an obſtinate " attachment to *Nero*."

is

is a church dedicated to the virgin *Mary*, and to our famous *Engliſh* ſaint, *Thomas Becket*, archbiſhop of *Canterbury*. *Becket*, you may remember, is ſaid to have reſided at *Lyons*, and though the ſaints in general are in their wane, at leaſt in this part of the world, yet our *Engliſh Thomas* maintains his ground with ſome degree of veneration and ſplendor in the *Celtic Gaul*; or my landlord, Monſ. *le Blanc*, deceives and flatters me. I muſt take his word, being diſappointed of ſeeing the place. For the derivation of the word *Lugdunum* I refer you to *Strabo*, *Plutarch*, and ſuch other antiquarians, as you pleaſe to conſult. Studies of that ſort are more trifling than improving, more fabulous than hiſtorical. *Sunt magni nominis umbræ.*

From the time of the firſt foundation of this city, it has been famous for its trade and manufactures. It is ſituated to maintain its commerce to the end of the world.

I have ſaid too much perhaps of the ancient *Lugdunum*, and too little of the modern *Lyons*; but alas! my accounts of both muſt be very imperfect. I have neither books nor companions to inſtruct me. My travelling ſervant babbles all languages, but ſpeaks none. My landlord is a barber, *qui friſe bien la tête*, and conſequently underſtands how to adorn the outſide, but cannot improve, the inſide of any head whatever. I go from hence this afternoon, and hope to pierce through the *Alps* without the help of vinegar. The firſt opportunity that occurs ſhall bring another letter to you, in which I will be more explicit than I have been hitherto, in deſcribing the ſecond city of *France* in its preſent glory.

I am ever yours.

CORKE.

LETTER

LETTER III.

Chamberry, October 6th, 1754.

WE are now, dear ſir, in the capital of *Savoy*, the dirtieſt capital in *Europe*, nay, I believe, in the whole world; but I am in honour bound to return with you to *Lyons*, before we ramble together through the ſtreets of *Chamberry*.

The chief traffic of *Lyons* conſiſts in the richeſt gold and ſilver ſilks. Much of it, if not the whole, is manufactured in or near the city. The raw ſilk is chiefly brought from *Piedmont*. In our road to *Chamberry* we met many mules, heavily laden with this commodity. It is a merchandiſe, that has long proved fatal to *Great Britain*. Our exceſſive *Britiſh* vanity, in an inſatiable thirſt of

French ſilks, has forced away great wealth from our iſland. On the other hand, it muſt be true *Engliſh* obſtinacy to ſay, that the ſilks of *Spital-fields* are equal to the *Soyerie Lionneſe:* but it may be affirmed, that if we really loved our country better than ourſelves, or endeavoured to make the general proſperity preferable to the ornaments of individuals, millions of our money muſt have circulated at home, that now fluctuate throughout the continent; and ſeldom find their way back again to *England*. *Lewis* XIV. never acted more impoliticly towards the ſtate, nor more ſervilely towards the church, than when he drove ſuch numbers of Proteſtants out of *France*, as weakened the manufactures of his own kingdoms, and improved the manufactures of his neighbours. Cardinal *Fleury*, who, without the title, was actual king of *France* during many years, ſaw the errors of the preceding reign, in not giving ſufficient attention

and

and encouragement to trade. By peace and policy, he corrected thoſe errors: and to him *Lyons* owes the preſent face, which it bears, of opulence and proſperity. The ſhops are large, well filled, various, and ornamental. The ſtreets, eſpecially thoſe to the two rivers, have a breadth and length, that give the city a remarkable air of magnificence. In the middle of the *Rhone*, ſtands a rock, very craggy and very high, almoſt inacceſſible. On the top of it is a ſmall building. Do not expect the temple of VIRTUE, yet expect ſomething very like it, though it be a priſon: alas! it is a priſon, in which are confined thoſe ſons of liberty, who dare oppoſe arbitrary power. Such a ſight, even at a great diſtance, ſtrikes horror, you may be certain, to an *Engliſh* eye. Wonder not therefore if I haſtened from it to view other parts of the town, eſpecially the ſquares; the chief of which I mentioned to you in the beginning of my laſt letter, as containing an equeſ-

trian ſtatue of *Lewis* XIV. This excited my curioſity, and drew my attention for ſome hours, during my ſhort ſtay at *Lyons*. It is a noble figure, but, like all human compoſitions, has its faults. The inſcriptions upon it are not fulſome. He is neither called INVICTUS, nor IMMORTALIS; nor is he ſupported by ſlaves in chains. In the majeſtic air of his perſon, the copy, I dare believe, has not outdone the original. No man appeared more graceful on horſeback. Nature fitted him to act the part of a king, but not of a hero. He was the ornament and example of his own court. He was a model of politeneſs to every prince in *Europe*. He has had more flatterers, and has deſerved more admirers, than any ſovereign, his grandfather excepted, [*Henry* IV.] that ever filled the *Gallic* throne. I have read many characters of him. Thoſe compiled by *Larrey* *, *Martiniere*,

* "His hiſtory of *England*," ſays *Voltaire*, "was

niere ‡, and other laborious adulators, exhibit a portrait, in which few traces of reſemblance can be found. They hide him in clouds of flattery, or they expoſe him, like a king upon a ſign, in coarſe, fulſome, glaring colours, fit only to attract the eyes of the vulgar and the ignorant. The character of him by monſieur *Voltaire* is drawn in a maſterly manner, yet in every ſtroke the partial hand of the *Frenchman*, the *Voltaire*, is too perceptible. The outlines of the abbé *Choiſy* pleaſe and inſtruct, but they are few and unconnected. I think I have gathered more of his true private character from the looſe undeſigning pen of his couſin-

" was eſteemed, before the publication of *Rapin*'s, " but his hiſtory of *Lewis* XIV. never was." He died at *Berlin* in 1719.

‡ " The hiſtory of *Lewis* XIV. under the name " of *Martiniere*," ſays the ſame writer, " is every " where faulty; confounds names, dates, and " events."

german,

german, Mademoiſelle *de* **Montpenſier*, than from any other writer. By her anecdotes I am induced to admire him amidſt his family and courtiers, as one of the fineſt and compleateſt gentlemen of his time and nation. He was happy in his own diſpoſition and temper, and that happineſs diffuſed itſelf to all who were near him. His perſonal accompliſhments were eminent and captivating. Let us look a little into his mind. His vanity was ſecreted by his modeſty. His profuſeneſs was

* Daughter of *Gaſton*, duke of *Orleans*, and grand-daughter to *Henry* IV. Her cruel treatment by the king her couſin, for marrying the count de *Lauzun*, is well known, and muſt ever impeach both the juſtice and humanity of that prince. See *the Age of Lewis XIV.* chap. 25. and *Talbot's Letters on the French Nation*, vol. II. p. 60—64. "Her memoirs," ſays *Voltaire*, "are "rather thoſe of a woman full of herſelf, than of "a princeſs, who had been a witneſs of great "events: but many curious particulars are con-"tained in them." She died in 1693.

ſoftened

ſoftened into generoſity, not only by his manner of giving, but becauſe he openly cheriſhed, and unboundedly protected every art and ſcience in the world. His infidelity as an huſband is much palliated, when we conſider the peeviſhneſs and ſimplicity of his wife. His ignorance was covered by his prudence. Conſcious of his own defects, he corrected them in the education of his ſon; tacitly lamenting his own want of erudition. His devotion degenerated into the too common extreme of bigotry; which never fails to produce the blindneſs of cruelty, and the deafneſs of oppreſſion. Except in his falſe notions of religion, he was generous, compaſſionate, and humane. His talents, if not ſhining, at leaſt were ſtrong and clear. His private conduct was always decent, often ſplendid, never mean. During the favours of fortune, he indulged his vanity. During her frowns, he behaved himſelf with true philoſophy. He died more heroically

in

in his bed than he had ever appeared in his camp. Conſider him in his regal ſphere; though he was far from being a perfectly good prince, he was almoſt as far from being a bad one. Nature formed him (as ſhe has formed moſt men, to whom ſhe gives paſſions and abilities) a remarkable mixture of good and evil. The good part attended the man; the evil part, the monarch. His ambition was inexcuſable, as it has occaſioned moſt of the calamities, that have been ſince felt in *Europe*.

L' Hotel de Ville, the town houſe, at *Lyons*, is not only ſplendid without, but very magnificent within. It conſiſts of many fine rooms, adorned with the portraits of the royal family, and of the chief and moſt eminent magiſtrates of the city. Each chamber is fitted up and furniſhed for the particular buſineſs, to which it is adapted.

The Armory, *Sal d'Armes*, which is ſhewn to ſtrangers as a great curioſity,

is

is by no means equal to the armory in the Tower of *London*. Had I never ſeen the latter, the former poſſibly might have appeared worthy of admiration.

At *Lyons* we went to a *French* comedy. It was well performed, and well decorated; but, unleſs I am very partial, when we took leave of the *Engliſh* theatre, we quitted ſenſe, nature, action, dignity, and all the proper and graceful decorations of the ſtage.

I have now ſaid enough of *Lyons* and *Lugdunum*. If I am to ſpeak of *France* in general, I look upon it as a great and powerful monarchy. The extent of it may be known by maps; but the ſtrength of it is a ſecret, not eaſily to be gueſſed at, but ſufficiently revealed to make the *Engliſh* cautious and wary how they enter into a war with a nation, whoſe magazines of all ſorts are ſtupendous, whoſe kingdom is fertile and well cultivated, whoſe people, however diſ-

united,

united, as indeed at preſent upon particular points in church or ſtate, never fail, at the leaſt appearance of an enemy, to join themſelves into an impenetrable phalanx, and to appear in the field, as one ſoul informing many thouſand bodies. We miſtake and miſconſtrue their faculties. Their gaiety, we imagine, folly: their prudence, we miſcall, inſincerity: their ſtrength we deſpiſe. Our falſe judgment may, one day or other, coſt us dear. The *French*, (already numerous and prolific,) if they ſuffered a natural commerce to ſubſiſt between their nuns and friars, would ſwarm and overrun the world.

Before I left *Lyons*, I had a glimpſe of the archbiſhop, cardinal *Tencin*. His figure is tall, and his mien noble and engaging. He viſits and captivates all ſtrangers. He lives in great hoſpitality; but he lives in baniſhment. Some particulars, relative to this not unfortunate exile,

exile, may perhaps be the ſubject of a future letter. At preſent let me guide you into *Savoy*.

How have I been miſtaken in my expectations of *Chamberry?* I had read ſo much in news-papers, treaties, and modern hiſtory, of this metropolis, that I had painted it in my own mind a noble, large, and magnificent city, adorned with churches, ſteeples, convents, and palaces, decorated again by pictures, ſtatues, and coſtly furniture. Judge then of my ſurpriſe, when I beheld it one of the pooreſt, dirtieſt, filthieſt towns that I had ever ſeen. The houſes are dark, the ſtreets narrow, the convents miſerable. The palaces of the nobility are uninhabited, except by vermin. Graſs grows plentifully in the court-yards. Not a coach, nor a chair, unleſs filled with paſſengers, is ever heard rumbling thro' the ſtreets.

We have ſeen the king's palace. The apartment of it (there is but one,) was burnt

burnt ſome years ago, when the preſent duke of *Parma* was in poſſeſſion of *Chamberry*. His royal highneſs narrowly eſcaped with life. The fire began in the kitchen, over which was his bed-chamber, and increaſed ſo fiercely, that he had not time to put on his cloaths. Many important papers are ſaid to have been deſtroyed in the flames.

The palace, or rather the remainder of it, is a caſtle. Over the gate-way are the governor's lodgings, remarkable only for their height, being ſituated on an eminence, which commands the town and adjacent country. The chapel is clean, which diſtinguiſhes it very viſibly, as the houſe of God.

The town is well fortified. It ought to be ſo. It lies in a tempting ſituation to *France*; and *France* is eaſily tempted. In general, *Savoy* bears the utmoſt appearance of poverty in its villages, its people, and its ſoil. The revenue from it ariſing to the king of *Sardinia* is, one hundred

hundred and fifty thouſand pounds a year.

The inhabitants (I dare ſay, ninety of them in an hundred) afford a ſurpriſing ſpectacle to ſtrangers. The men, women, and children, (I ſpeak of the plebeians, not having ſeen the face of a gentleman,) have great ſwellings* on the outſide of their throats, occaſioned, according to our information, by the unwholeſomeneſs of the water, and the ſeverity of the winter ſeaſon. Theſe ſwellings are eſteemed rather beauties than defects. The grandfather beholds a ſwelling under his grand-daughter's chin, of the ſize of a walnut, and piouſly hopes to ſee it increaſe to the ſize of a pear. The huſband expects a ſwelling in the throat of his

* Mr. *Duncombe*, in anſwer to this letter, ſays, "Signor *Baretti*, in his account of the paſſage "over Mount *Cenis*, and of the *Savoyards*, com- "municated to Mr. *Richardſon* (See *the Hiſtory* "*of Sir Charles Grandiſon*, Vol. IV. Letter 16.) "ſays that the people are of an olive complec-

his heir apparent, or he doubts the chaſtity of his conſort. Baboons keep an hoard of victuals in their throats, but the *Savoyards* have not victuals ſufficient to ſpare a reſerve. Upon the whole, the *Savoyards* ſeem to be a very ſingular, and a very inſignificant people; of little uſe to their prince, of much leſs to themſelves. In *England* they are known by their raree-ſhews, but ſcarce mentioned on any other occaſion. They have no characteriſtic, by which they are diſtinguiſhed. They are a nation of THROATS*.

To-

" tion, and that many of them, eſpecially the " women, have large *wens* under their chins." And again

* Q? " Should not the *Savoyards* be called " a nation of *wenny* throats, as thoſe enormous " *wens* are their characteriſtic? The obvious " meaning of " a nation of throats " is a " greedy voracious people. *Meſſius*, mentioned " by *Horace* in his journey to *Brunduſium* (*Sat.* 5. " *lib.* 1. *ver.* 58.) ſeems to have been one of " their

To-morrow we begin to climb the *Alps*. We are at the foot of them al-

" their anceſtors. As to that diſorder, ſee Pliny, *lib.* 26. *cap.* 1.

Anſwer. " The throats of the *Savoyards* are not *wens*. They are not of the ſort deſcribed by *Horace* in his account of the droll combat between the buffoon *Sarmentus* and *Cicerrus Meſſius*, called *Cicerrus* probably from the *Cicer* on the left ſide of his face which he had lately cut off. From that paſſage it is evident that the people of *Campania* were liable to theſe *Cicers* (buttons or ſmall wens) which *Horace* calls *Campanus morbus*, perhaps as liable as the inhabitants of *Savoy* are to their pouch or purſe throats, which do not appear to be of the hard wenny kind, but to hang more or leſs looſe as the glands are more or leſs ſwelled. It was impoſſible to go near them without ſome degree of horror, and even the ſight of them was diſagreeable."

" An *Engliſh* lady of quality, who reſided ſome years at *Turin*, imagined every morning, when ſhe awoke, that her throat had ſwelled in the night, and that it was becoming a *Savoyard* throat as faſt as poſſible. Such ſights to vapouriſh and tender imaginations are very impreſſive."

ready. When our *Herculean* labour is finiſhed, from the firſt place of reſt you ſhall hear again from

Your faithful, and affectionate

humble ſervant,

CORKE.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

Turin, October 12th, 1754.

DEAR SIR,

AT the foot of *Chamberry* commence the *Alps*. The aſcent of the firſt mountain is very ſteep, but well paved, and ſufficiently broad. A pair of oxen is conſtantly added to the chaiſe-horſes; but in the ſubſequent mountains, which are many, all as ſteep, and ſeveral of them narrower and worſe paved than the firſt, no oxen are to be found. Over different parts of theſe, we had recourſe to our own feet, and you may be certain that I muſt be very free from the gout to go through ſuch an undertaking. Three days were thus paſſed in aſcending and deſcending theſe towering hills. Our lodgings at night were worſe than indif-

ferent. The third evening brought us to a little village called *Lanebourgh*, where our chaiſes were taken to pieces, and all preparations made for the immenſe atchievement of the next morning; the paſſage over mount *Cenis*.

The accounts which had been given me of mount *Cenis* had magnified the object to ſuch a degree, that, when I viewed it with my naked eye, it appeared much leſs dreadful than I had ſuppoſed it. Height it has, tremendous. Horror it has, unuſual. So has *Penmenmaure*, ſo has *Penmenroſs*; but in truth the moſt amazing circumſtance is the manner of conveyance.

It was difficult not to feel ſome uneaſy ſenſations when we firſt intruſted our limbs and lives to the power and management of that particular ſpecies of animals, the *Alpian Chairmen*. Some few minutes paſſed in fears, till we perceived our porters ſtrong as giants, and nimble as racers. They did not miſs a ſingle

ſtep.

ſtep. They trod firm upon tottering ſtones. They jumped from one ſtone to another with the agility of goats. They relieved each other at proper intervals, and ſeemed never to have known danger or fatigue. Our apprehenſions therefore were diſſipated in ſome few minutes, and in little more than two hours we found ourſelves on the top of the mountain. We walked over the plain, our carriages being uneaſy on level ground. To ſpeak the truth, our carriers were rather inattentive and careleſs where there was neither peril nor precipice. Undoubtedly they know, that every *Iriſh Goliah* can carry a chair ſafely through *Pall Mall*, and *St. James*'s park, but he muſt be a true *Piedmonteſe* indeed, who can carry a chair over the *Alps*. At the deſcent, they were again themſelves, and conveyed us down with the utmoſt ſwiftneſs, ſteadineſs, and eaſe. In the windings of the hill, which are many, they ſhewed great dexterity, and ſeemed to go on pur-

poſe to the very brink of precipices, only to convince us, that they could turn to an hair, and carry to an inch. The aſcent is, according to my beſt information, five miles continued, and ſo ſteep, that no carriage can paſs. The plain upon the top is five miles over: every inch ſmooth and green as a ſheep-walk. In the middle of it is a large lake, from which ariſes the river *Doria*, which runs to *Turin*, and, in conjunction with the *Po*, ſupplies that city with water. The deſcent is five miles, but not continued; therefore it appears leſs ſteep. In the middle of it lies the town of *Santa Croce*, from whence our eyes, as we deſcended, were charmed by the fertile country of *Piedmont*.

The chairs of carriage are like thoſe of *Bath*, eſpecially in bad weather, when they are covered with a rug. The proſpect, on each ſide, of tall firs, cheſnuts, and larch-trees, of vaſt natural waterfalls, and of roaring mountain-rivers, affords

affords a kind of ſurpriſing variety, which is at once aweful, pleaſing, and beyond deſcription in any language whatever.

We refreſhed ourſelves and our conductors at the little village called *Santa Croce*, [*Holy Croſs*] where the principality of *Piedmont* begins. There we met with three or four perſons of our own nation, purſuing their journey into *Savoy*. They very kindly invited us to drink ſome wine, of which they were taking frequent draughts, at the ſame time that they confeſſed it to be very bad,—but it was wine—and they were true *Britons*.

Mr. *Addiſon*, I remember, quotes *Silius Italicus*, to prove that the *Alps* are always covered with ſnow. Not the leaſt ſnow was to be ſeen upon mount *Cenis*, and very little upon one or two of the higher mountains that ſurrounded us: a pleaſing circumſtance to convince us, that our ſeaſon was uncommonly fine.

At a little town called *Novolezza*, the ſcattered limbs of our chaiſes, which from

Lanebourgh

Lanebourgh had been carried upon mules, were by a kind of *Medèan* art, joined together again; and again our baggage was ſtrictly ſearched at the cuſtom-houſe, the tormenting *remora* of every little territory through which we paſſed.

We reached *Suza* the ſame night. It is one of the beſt fortified towns in the world; but ſo much ceremony is neceſſary in obtaining a permiſſion to view the inſide fortifications, that it is ſcarce worth any traveller's ſollicitude, unleſs he is purſuing a military life, to trouble the *Sardinian* miniſters for a licence to ſee them.

This afternoon brought us to *Turin*. It is now three and twenty days ſince we left *London*; ſo that, deducting our reſting days at *Calais*, *Lyons*, and *Chamberry*, we have performed the journey in leſs than three weeks. You cannot call us dilatory travellers.

The road from *Suza* to *Turin* is remarkably good, and is rendered agreeable

able by diſtant mountains, vineyards, and a variety of proſpects. The laſt nine miles of it from *Rivoli*, where the king has a little hunting-ſeat, are peculiarly fine. They form one long walk, of a ſuitable breadth, planted regularly like a garden, with trees, on each ſide, of about fifty years growth, reaching to the gates of the town. A church, placed upon the top of a hill above the town, anſwers the middle of the avenue: ſo that the city appears with a triple crown, ſhaped firſt by its own ſteeples and towers, then by the riſing hill, and then again by the church, which is a modern and beautiful piece of architecture.

At preſent, good night. Expect a farther deſcription of this metropolis in a day or two, from,

Dear ſir,

Your faithful ſervant and traveller,

CORKE.

LETTER

LETTER V.

Turin, October 16th, 1754.

THE city of *Turin*, dear ſir, is not large, nor can it in any ſenſe be called magnificent. The ſame may be ſaid of the king's palace. There is a very pleaſing neatneſs peculiar to both. Plenty of water, as in *Saliſbury*, runs through every ſtreet; with this difference, in the city of *Sarum*, it is choaked up by filth and garbage, in *Turin* it keeps the ſtreets perfectly clean.

We have ſeen the royal family, not in a ceremonious manner, but as travellers. The king, who is in his fifty-ſecond year, looks much older. He is thin; his ſtature is low; and he appears lower by ſtooping, nor carries any characteriſtic, in his countenance, except of age. He has

has had three wives. By his firſt, he had no children; by his ſecond, he had the preſent duke of *Savoy* *, and the three princeſſes; by his third, the duke of *Chablais*.

The duke of *Savoy* has two ſons; his eldeſt is prince of *Piedmont*; his ſecond, who was born ſome few days before our arrival, was immediately upon his birth, created duke of *Montferat* †.

The king in his younger days is ſaid to have been of a gay and ſprightly diſpoſition; but ſoon after the death of his father he contracted a more ſerious behaviour, which is now growing apace into the melancholy of devotion. His chief amuſement is hunting, where he takes all

* Married in 1750 to the infanta *Maria Antonietta* of *Spain*.

† He is ſince dead. The duke of *Savoy* has now four other ſons, *viz.* the duke of *Aoſt*, (born 1759) duke of *Montferat*, (1762) duke *de Genevois*, (1765) and the count de *Maureinne*; and three daughters.

the

the delightful fatigue, which ſo mighty an exerciſe requires. Hunting is a kind of faſhionable royal diverſion; at leaſt, innumerable kings, ſince *Nimrod*, have had that glorious inclination. *Virgil* ſeems to characteriſe *Aſcanius* for future heroic actions by ſaying,

Optat aprum, aut fulvum deſcendere monte leonem *.

One particular anecdote of the *Sardinian* monarch was related to me, as a certain truth. If the eagerneſs of the chace happens accidentally to lead him near *Montcallier*, he turns his eyes and horſe as faſt as poſſible from that caſtle. His father died there, under ſuch circumſtances as muſt affect a ſon. The account is not unworthy of your attention.

Victor Amadeus, father of the preſent

* *Æn.* IV. *ver.* 159.
He rather would the tuſky boar attend,
Or ſee the tawny lion downward bend.
Dryden.

king of *Sardinia*, had made a conſiderable figure in the annals of *Europe*. He had appeared a great ſoldier, and was known to be a great politician. In the decline of his life, the latter part of that character was not a little ſullied. He involved himſelf in a diſadvantageous treaty with *France*, and he degraded his royalty by a marriage. The lady, whom he choſe for his wife, in the ſame private manner that the famous *Maintenon* had been choſen by *Lewis* XIV. was called madame *de Sebaſtien*. She was the widow of an officer of that name. She had been maid of honour to the king's mother. She was at that time extremely handſome, but always of an intriguing, ambitious temper. The king had paid his addreſſes to her, not unſucceſsfully, in his youth. The vigilance of his mother, and his own good judgment, put a ſtop to any fatal progreſs in that amour. But finding himſelf abſolutely conſtrained to fulfil his impolitic engagements with

with *France*, he determined to reſign his crown to his ſon; who being under no ſuch engagements, might openly repair the injudicious ſtep, which his father had taken. On one and the ſame day, *Amadeus* delivered up his crown, and married his former miſtreſs, whom he had not long before created marchioneſs *di Spigno*, a town in *Italy* in the dutchy of *Montferat*. His abdication was public; his marriage was private. The king and the marchioneſs immediately retired to *Chamberry*. The heat of love had been long ſince over. The heat of ambition ſtill remained. The young king ſoon acted the part, in which he had been fully inſtructed by his father, mingling with it a ſcene or two of his own. He diſcarded king *Victor*'s miniſters and favourites, but ſtill maintained all the outward tokens of duty and reſpect, which he owed his father; who ſoon grew impatient, and weary of retirement, and wiſhed to return to buſineſs, power, and a throne.

His

His new conſort was equally deſirous to taſte the ſplendor of a crown, and to command in the circle of a court. They both repented, not of their marriage, but of their retreat. *Chamberry*, in its utmoſt magnificence, was too melancholy a ſituation, and had too much the air of a priſon, to calm and alleviate the ſtruggles of ſuch reſtleſs minds. The king and the lady kept a conſtant private correſpondence with the diſcontented *Piedmonteſe*, eſpecially thoſe in *Turin*. A plot was formed. The king was to dethrone his ſon, and to reaſſume the reigns of government. Meaſures to this end were taken with all poſſible ſecreſy. The king complained of the air of *Chamberry*. His ſon attended to his complaints with the deepeſt filial attachment. *Amadeus* was permitted to approach nearer to the capital. He came to *Rivoli*, that hunting-ſeat, which I mentioned in my laſt. The air of *Rivoli* diſagreed with him. He was ſuffered to come ſtill nearer, and was

lodged, at his own requeſt, in the caſtle of *Montcallier*, a noble palace within a very little diſtance of *Turin*. Here the embers of ambition ſoon kindled into a flame. The fire was on the point of breaking out, when the heat of it began to be felt by the young king and his miniſters. They had only time to ſtop *Amadeus* as he was going into his coach under a pretence of viſiting, but with a reſolution of ſeizing the citadel of *Turin*. In a moment he became his ſon's priſoner in the caſtle of *Montcallier*. His wife was abruptly torn from him. They met no more. He was treated with reſpect, but guarded with the cloſeſt ſtrictneſs. He often deſired to ſee his ſon. The interview was promiſed, but the promiſe was not performed. Rage, grief, and diſappointment ended, in leſs than two years, the life of this unhappy prince*,

* He is ſaid to have died on the 16th of *October*, 1732; but for private reaſons his death was not made public till the 31ſt. *Keyſler*.

whoſe

whoſe ſun-ſet was exceſſively languid, in compariſon of his meridian glory. His widow is ſtill alive; a ſtate-priſoner, at ſome diſtance from the metropolis. She only bears the title of marchioneſs *di Spigno*. She is compelled to reſide in a monaſtery. In the ſummer-time ſhe is permitted to viſit ſome relations in the country; but never without a licence granted in form, and ſigned by the king, nor is ſhe ſuffered, on any account, to go to *Turin*. Certainly ſhe is now no longer dangerous, being very old, very infirm, and enormouſly fat.

Affairs of ſtate probably conſtrained the preſent king to act as he did; but deep has been the impreſſion, which his father's cataſtrophe has left on his mind. Perhaps the late king extorted from his ſon a private promiſe of reſtoring the crown. Policy and majeſty ſoon put a ſtop to the deſigns, if any, of anſwering that promiſe. The adherents to the ſon muſt have been ſacrificed to the adhe-

rents of the father. Perhaps there are charms in a crown, of which you and I have no idea. Thus far is undeniable, few princes have ever reſigned it without regret The emperor *Charles* V. wanted a fire in his houſe at *Bruſſels* the night after he had given up his poſſeſſions to his ſon. Power once loſt is ſeldom regained, and always re-deſired.

The king of *Sardinia* is an œconomiſt. He is ſerved in the moſt royal, and moſt frugal manner. If the officers of ſtate had not an income ariſing from their patrimony, their ſalaries would not afford them food or raiment.

The academy at *Turin* is at preſent in the decline. Thoſe of *Caen* and *Angers* have the preference. The complement of *Sardinian* horſes was broken in upon by the neceſſities of the late war. It has not been completed ſince.

No clock-work ever moved with greater exactneſs, than this court. Every minute fulfils its deſtiny, and turns round its own

own axis with the royal inhabitants of *Turin*. Already we have beheld, over and over again, the ſame royal ſcenes; the ſame princes, and the ſame princeſſes, in the ſame coaches, taking the air, at the ſame hour, to the ſame place. They ſeem all married to *time*, and I preſume that it is a kind of adultery to vary half a dozen minutes from the ſun.

The three princeſſes are graceful and genteel. The eldeſt is very handſome. They were born, I fear, under *Virgo*. The whole royal family live in union and happineſs among themſelves. The king is an excellent father. The duke of *Savoy*, a remarkably dutiful ſon. They are particularly civil to the *Engliſh*. It is an exact and a graceful court.

I mentioned to you the neatneſs of the palace. I ſhould have confined myſelf to the inſide, moſt part of the outward building being old and unfiniſhed. The royal apartments at *Turin* conſiſt of a great number of ſmall rooms,

many of them indeed only cloſets; but ſo delicately fitted up, ſo elegantly furniſhed, and ſo properly adorned, that, in paſſing from room to room, the whole appears a fairy caſtle. Amidſt all theſe exquiſite decorations, not one effeminate toy, not one *Chineſe* dragon, nor *Indian* monſter is to be ſeen. I mention this, becauſe many of our fineſt houſes in *England* are diſgraced by the fantaſtic figures, with which they are crowded.

Almoſt every room in the palace is filled with pictures. None indifferent; moſt of them by the beſt *Flemiſh* maſters. The whole collection, except a very ſmall number, belonged to prince *Eugene*, and were bought, after his death, by the preſent king of *Sardinia*.

The floors of the king's apartment are inlaid, and ſo nicely kept, that you view yourſelf, as you walk upon them. The chapel, which opens into the great church, is not anſwerable to any other part of the palace. It is clean, but it is heavy

heavy and diſmal. The pillars are of black marble. The lamps and tapers give little light, and leſs chearfulneſs. At the firſt entrance it appears like a melancholy mauſoleum. An *Engliſhman*, in the height of his devotion, would be tempted to cut his throat in it. But if the churches are dark, the ſtreets are lighted by the laws of the kingdom. Every coach and every chair is obliged to appear with a white flambeau. A ſevere penalty attends the breach of this edict, and perſons of rank are ſo exact in obſerving it, that I have ſeen ladies walking after torches by day-light. The *Turineſe* are a people, who affect grandeur in every reſpect. In general they are, *regis ad exemplum*, great œconomiſts. One piece of ſtate is very ſingular; notwithſtanding the bad pavement of the ſtreets, and the exceſſive breadth of the kennels, the nobility conſtantly walk before their chairs; and can only be driven into thoſe leathern fortreſſes by the cloſeſt ſiege of

rain, hail, and ſnow. Small attacks they withſtand boldly, and ſerve a whole winter's campaign in heroically defending the door of their ſedan, which remains more ſacred than the *ſanctum ſanctorum*, and is impervious to the high prieſt.

The palace fills one ſide of a very large ſquare, round three parts of which is a piazza, miſerably paved, but amply adorned with ſhops. Were the old town rebuilt, *Turin* might appear, perhaps, the moſt elegant city in *Europe*.

I am, dear ſir,

ever your's,

CORKE.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

Bologna, October 21ſt, 1754.

DEAR SIR,

IN the afternoon that we left *Turin*, we went no farther than *Aſti*, a ſmall town in *Piedmont*; and the next day we reſted ourſelves at *Alexandria*. The fortifications of *Alexandria* are fine, and in excellent order. The town itſelf is neither large nor remarkable. In the evening we ſaw an *Italian* opera. The houſe was full, the muſic good, and one or two of the ſingers of the firſt rate; but on hearing *Italian* muſic, and ſitting in a box at an opera, it is impoſſible not to recollect the ſplendid audience, and the charming circle in the *Hay-market*; an appearance not to be equalled, I believe, in any other part of the world.

Our

Our next ſtep was to *Placentia*. On viewing theſe ſmall towns, it is a mortifying thought to conſider, what vaſt treaſures have been expended by *England* to ſecure the property, and aſcertain the rights of thoſe princes, to whom theſe territories belong. What muſt be ſaid to comfort us upon theſe reflections? The beſt reſource is Mr. *Pope*'s aſſertion, "Whatever is, is right." A compendious method of ſolving every thing that happens "wrong" in this uncertain ſtate.

As ſoon as the gates were opened, we haſtened from *Placentia*, and dined at *Parma*; where we had a view of the famous theatre, that holds thirteen thouſand perſons*. It is an immenſe, but an uſeleſs ſtructure. The ſame ſpirit that built the *Coloſſus* at *Rhodes*, raiſed the theatre at *Parma*; that inſatiable ſpirit and luſt of fame, which would brave the

* It was built by *Rainutius* I. in 1618.

Almighty by fixing eternity to the name of a periſhable being. I was much pleaſed with the cathedral. The dome of it was painted by *Correggio*. The ſubject is the Day of Judgment. Time and dampneſs have damaged ſeveral of the figures; but ſuch of them, as remain diſtinguiſhable, are ſuperlatively fine. The arch of the cupola ſo much reſembles the arch of the heavens, the clouds and the ſky are repreſented in ſuch natural colours, and the height and diſtance are ſo great, that an enthuſiaſtic mind might eaſily fancy itſelf on the point of receiving its eternal doom. At leaſt, the painter has ſhewn exquiſite ſkill in chuſing ſo proper a ſubject for the place. The ſteps to the high altar are many, all of the fineſt yellow marble. *Don Philip** and the whole court were in the country. His palace at *Parma* is not advantageouſly

* He died in 1765. His ſon *Ferdinand* is the preſent duke.

ſituated.

ſituated. It is unfiniſhed, and ſeems only a ſmall part of a much greater deſign *; not poſſible to be executed without pulling down that *Coloſſian* theatre, which ſtands as maliciouſly placed, as our *London* Manſion-houſe before St. *Stephen*'s, *Walbrook*. The domeſtics of the duke and dutcheſs of *Parma* are of two different nations. Thoſe belonging to the dutcheſs, are *French*; thoſe belonging to the duke, *Spaniards*. The *French* hate the *Spaniards*, the *Spaniards* hate the *French*, and the *Italians* hate both.

A *French* gentleman, belonging to the dutcheſs of *Parma*, ſhewed me great civilities during my ſhort ſtay. He was pleaſed to find a companion who was neither *Spaniard*, *Frenchman*, nor *Italian*.

* At *Parma*, as in moſt parts of *Italy*, the ſize of the palace now building [1766] is too gigantic for the court, and the expence of it too great for the treaſury; ſo it remains, and will for ever remain, half finiſhed. *Sharp*.

After a very free converſation of two hours, he ſaid to me, "*Monſieur, pour "vous dire la verité, nous ſommes tous des "bons Catholiques, mais pour la religion, "nous n'en avons point* *." To what country is *Religion* fled? She has not, undoubtedly, taken up her reſidence in *England.*

We left *Parma* early after dinner, and reached *Reggio* time enough to ſee an *Italian* comedy. It was an *Italian* comedy reformed. In conſequence of that reformation, which has but lately prevailed, the part of *Harlequin* was ſmall and inſignificant, ſo as ſcarce to interrupt the tender, genteel, and ſerious parts of the play. I have ſo good an opinion of the author, from his performance, that I reſt aſſured, if he had not ſtood in awe of the *parterre*, we ſhould not have ſeen *Harlequin* even for a moment.

* "To tell you the truth, ſir, we are all good "Catholics; but as for religion, we have none."

This

This little city belongs to the duke of *Modena*. The theatre of it is remarkable, and ſingularly beautiful. The architecture is different from all other theatres. The ſeveral rows of boxes riſe above each other like ſteps, and have the moſt pleaſing effect that can be imagined.

From *Reggio* we proceeded to *Modena*, a large, dark, diſagreeable town. The deſign for the palace is very magnificent. One front of it is almoſt completed. If the three others, which are intended, riſe equal to the firſt, the city will be the foil, the palace the diamond. The noble collection of pictures, which adorned the inſide, have been long ſince diſpoſed of to the King of *Poland**. The duke of *Modena* wanted money, the king of *Poland* wanted pictures. Thirty thouſand pounds accommodated both.

The dutcheſs of *Modena*, daughter of the late regent of *France*, has lived ſeveral years entirely at *Paris*. The *French*

* *Auguſtus* III. Elector of *Saxony*.

gaiety

gaiety and the *Italian* gravity united are like acids mixed with ſweets; if together, they form a confuſed taſte; if aſunder, each is reliſhable to different palates.

About five miles from *Modena* we entered into the pope's territories, and reached *Bologna* early in the afternoon. Here the firſt dawnings of *Italian* ſplendor appear, riſing above the horizon, and ſhining in the face of the world. The marbles, the pictures, the palaces, ſtrike the eye with uncommon brightneſs. Among innumerable others, we have juſt now ſeen a picture, repreſenting only two figures, St. *Peter* and St. *Paul*. Many of our *Engliſh Virtuoſi* have bid high for it; to me it appears invaluable. Perhaps the owner is of the ſame opinion. This exquiſite piece is by the hand of *Guido* *.

The road from *Placentia* to *Bologna* is through a flat even country, with vaſt

* *Guido Reni* was born in this city, in 1575.

mountains,

mountains, the *Apennines*, at a diſtance. Vineyards are planted on each ſide of the road. The vines have a beautiful effect, by hanging in feſtoons from one tree to another. The trees are generally white mulberries; among which, now and then, appears an oak. No ground is loſt; every ſpot between the trees is ploughed. Labour and induſtry are ſufficiently apparent. People are wanting; where are they? Aſleep in convents; or, if awake, counting beads; calling idleneſs, religion; lazineſs, piety; and ſloth, the command of God.

Bologna is peculiarly fortunate, not only in being a territory of the holy ſee, but in being the birth-place of the preſent pope, *Benedict* XIV. He is a man of literature, and a great encourager of arts and ſciences. He has always acted with moderation in the uſe of his eccleſiaſtical power; and has gone ſo far as to aboliſh a great number of thoſe pernicious exerciſes of devotion, ſluggiſh holidays.

holidays. He would proceed farther, if he dared*. He is very old, near eighty, but not infirm. He is of the family of *Lambertini*.

St. *Petronius*'s † church here is very large. On the ſame ſpot, where the high-altar now ſtands, the emperor *Charles* V. was crowned king of *Lombardy*, by pope *Clement* VII. in the year 1529‡. The happieſt effect of that

* He once offered all the *Italian* princes an utter abolition of all holidays, *Sundays* excepted; which offer procured him the appellation of *Papa Proteſtante*, the *Proteſtant Pope*. But after long debates and conſultations, every one of thoſe princes rejected his holineſs's offer, and choſe to go on in the old way. *Baretti*. He died in 1758, aged 83.

† Bp. of *Bologna* in the 5th century, and patron of that city. The greateſt curioſity in this church is the braſs meridian line, drawn by *Caſſini*, the celebrated aſtronomer, of which there is a view in *Wright's Travels*, taken from *Caſſini's* book.

‡ *Charles* affected to unite, in his public entry into *Bologna*, the ſtate and majeſty that ſuited an

that coronation, you remember, was an univerſal peace to *Italy*.

The Cathedral, dedicated to St. *Peter*, has been decorated, and even augmented a third part, by the preſent pope. In it is the burial-vault of the *Lambertini*. The ſeveral interior chapels, all clean to a degree of neatneſs, are moſt of them beautifully magnificent, either by pictures, or by monuments. Scarce a week paſſes without many valuable preſents from the Pope to this ſeat of his nativity. Judge then, under the auſpicious influence of ſuch a ſtar, how flouriſhing the univerſity of *Bologna* muſt be, eſpecially that part of it, which was founded, built, and inſtituted, in the year 1712, by that great ſoldier, and greater philoſopher,

Emperor, with the humility becoming an obedient ſon of the church; and while at the head of twenty thouſand veteran ſoldiers, able to give law to all *Italy*, he kneeled down to kiſs the feet of that very pope whom he had ſo lately detained a priſoner. *Robertſon*.

Lewis

*Lewis Ferdinand Marſigli**;—as a repoſitory for all the branches of uſeful and ornamental knowledge! Whatever is rare or remarkable in art or nature may be found in this repoſitory. Every ſcience has its ſchool. In the anatomy ſchool we ſaw an *Egyptian* mummy, with the face uncovered, and a great hole left where the noſe had been. Two white beads ſupplied the place of eyes. The figure appeared hideous even to a degree of horror. It ſmelt exceſſively ſtrong of ſpices. With what a variety of ſuperſtition and ſelf-love does the world abound! How fond are we of thoſe bodies, which ſeldom endure above fourſcore years, and give us pain and torment great part of that time!

Among many ancient tablets, I took

* Count *Marſigli* died in 1730, in the 80th year of his age. His military character received an indelible ſtain by the ſurrender of *Old Briſac* to the *French* in 1703.

particular notice of one, which, from its inſcription and its ſize, carried in it ſomething of ſingularity. The ſtone was an oblong ſquare, about a foot and a half one way, and half a foot the other. The inſcription was this:

A·TERENTIUS·ANTIOCHUS·
SIBI·ET·AMICIS·SUIS *.

Suppoſing this tablet to have been placed over the door of an houſe newly built by *Ter. Antiochus*, what can be more expreſſively elegant?

When I viewed and conſidered attentively every apartment, and its furniture, in the academy of this opulent city, I could not help wiſhing, that we had ſome ſimilitude to it in either of our *Engliſh* univerſities. We have there a picture-gallery, but no painters; an anatomy-ſchool, but no ſurgeons. We abound in

* "A. TERENTIUS·ANTIOCHUS, FOR "HIMSELF AND HIS FRIENDS."

trifles,

trifles, and are proud of ſhewing *Oliver Cromwell*'s ſkull, Preſident *Bradſhaw*'s hat, and a *Chineſe* pack of cards. With what contempt and indignation muſt a *Ruſſian* look upon the Czar of *Muſcovy*'s dram-cup? It is true, all theſe *minutiæ* have been preſents; but the *Muſeum* at *Bologna* has, from its firſt inſtitution, deſpiſed childiſh toys, and only received valuable curioſities.

The books, which are both numerous and valuable, are not at preſent to be ſeen. They are taken down. A new library is fitting up to receive them. It is a room of fine proportion, and will contain an hundred thouſand volumes. The whole is finiſhing at the expence of the Pope. The ſhelves are all fixed. The caſes are faced with the fineſt walnut-tree, and the workmanſhip is nice enough to remind us of *England*.

Here ends my account of one of the fineſt cities in *Italy*. I have loſt no time

in making as many remarks as I could; being fully reſolved to give you all the information in the power of,

DEAR SIR,

your faithful humble ſervant,

CORKE.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

Florence, October 28th, 1754.

DEAR SIR,

WE arrived here on the 23d inſtant in the afternoon. Our journey hither from *Bologna* was performed in a day and an half. The aſcent of the *Apennines* was neither dangerous nor fatiguing. As ſoon as we quitted the *Bolognese*, and entered into the *Tuſcan* territories, the road was fine, and our deſcents and aſcents ſurpriſingly eaſy. Scarce any public work can redound more to the honour of the preſent emperor, as duke of *Tuſcany*, than this new road. It is carried on in ſuch a manner between the *Apennines*, that the *Monte Juovo* *, a kind of

* "This mountain is called *Juovo* by Monſieur

of twin-brother to *Mount Cenis*, is entirely avoided.

I have often wiſhed that among the various charities in *England*, the faſhionable current of legacies to the public might run in a different channel from what it has hitherto done. Libraries we have enough, Hoſpitals enough. Suppoſe ſums of money were left to the improvement and conſtant amendment of public roads. Could there be a more patriot virtue, or a ſurer acquiſition of perpetual fame? Statues, monumental pillars, and pyramids, (inſtead of our preſent plain mile-ſtones) might be erected in the different parts of *Great-Britain*, where ſuch legacies were appointed to take place. The memory of the donors might be preſerved by pompous inſcriptions engraven on braſs or marble. The

ſieur *Miſſon* (Letter xxxii) and ſome geographers. By Mr. *Wright*, a more modern traveller, it is called *Giogo* (vol. ii. p. 432.) and it is ſo called by the *Florentines*."

tax

tax of turnpikes might ſoon be leſſened, and in time entirely aboliſhed. If I go further in purſuit of this hint, you will think me as troubleſome to you, as the projector *Henriques* appears to every miniſter, whom his majeſty employs.—I haſten therefore to reaſſume my travels.

Within a mile or two of *Florence* we ſtept ſome few paces out of the road, to ſee a ſmall country-houſe belonging to the emperor, called *Pratolino*. The water-works at this place muſt have been made at an immenſe expence. They are entirely in the old taſte; but that old taſte, by not having been viſible in *England* for many years paſt, is now become ſo new, that, at leaſt, it gave us the pleaſure of novelty, and made us recollect the delights and amuſements of our childhood. The houſe of *Pratolino* has nothing belonging to it very beautiful, except the ſituation. On the outſide, it is a plain and an heavy building. The rooms are not many: moſt of them

are

are large. In the upper ſtory is a little theatre, where, during the reigns of the *Medici*, operas were conſtantly acted, in the ſummer-ſeaſon. The houſe is kept in excellent order and repair, nor are the water-works totally neglected; but a deſerted palace has the face of ruin. *Pratolino* has had its day *.

In the approach to the city of *Florence*, the little country-ſeats, which are very numerous, very white, and promiſcuouſly diſperſed among the hills and ever-greens, have a moſt pleaſing effect to the eye. A triumphal arch, juſt finiſhed, crowned with an equeſtrian ſtatue of the preſent emperor, adds to the beauty of the approach. We are lodged near the *Arno*, and within ſight

* At this palace the late duke of *York* was elegantly entertained, in his return from *Leghorn* to *Florence*, *April* 8, 1764, and expreſſed himſelf highly pleaſed with the happy diſpoſition of the fountains, grottos, water-works, and other decorations of the gardens which ſurround that beautiful ſeat.

of the moſt beautiful bridge in the world, *Il ponte della Trinita**. The *Arno* divides the city into two unequal parts. It is navigable for ſmall veſſels from *Florence* to the ſea. In the midſt of ſummer, it often wants water. In the winter-ſeaſon, it often overflows. You may judge that ſuch extremes are by no means advantageous to trade.

Florence, and indeed moſt of the towns in *Italy*, except *Bologna*, are in a viſible ſtate of decay. I have peeped into the *Florentine* gallery. Language cannot de-

* It was made by *Ammanati*, a celebrated *Florentine* ſculptor and architect, the old bridge having been carried away by an inundation in the year 1557. The arches of it, after a riſe of a few feet from the place where they ſpring, are turned in the form of a cycloid; a particularity which, they ſay, no other bridge in the world has. It is all of fine white marble, and there are four ſtatues of the ſame, repreſenting the four ſeaſons, two placed at each end of the bridge. *Wright*.

Mr. *Wright* has given a draught of it, taken by Signor *Galilei*, the great duke's architect.

ſcribe it in its true perfection, nor can any copy reach the beauties of the original *Venus*. In the ſame room, which is diſtinguiſhed by the name of the *Tribune*, are placed the *Dancing Faun*; the *Venus victrix*; the *Venus cœleſtis*; the *Slave whetting his knife*; and the *Wreſtlers* *. You have ſeen copies of the *Dancing Faun* †. You would conſtantly turn your eyes from them after having ſeen the original. Mirth and a kind of thoughtleſs, pleaſing folly, appear in the countenance; ſtrength and agility in the limbs. The *Venus victrix* and the *Venus cœleſtis* might appear fine ſtatues, if the *Venus de Me-*

* *Flaminius Vacca*, as quoted by *Montfaucon* in his *Itinerarium Italicum*, ſays, that "this group "was dug up in his time, before St. *John*'s gate "in *Rome*." There is a print of it in *Montfaucon*'s antiquities.

† *Michael Angelo* is ſaid to have added the head and arms to it; but the piece is originally aſcribed to *Praxiteles*. "It is not poliſhed, but remarkably ſmooth."

dici

dici were not in the ſame room. The *Venus victrix* is not entirely naked. She has the apple, the enſign of her triumph, in her hand. The *Venus cœleſtis* * (or *Urania)* is leſs naked than the *Venus victrix:* She is adjuſting her hair, and has a diadem upon her head. Both theſe ſtatues are larger than the life, both in exact proportion. The virtuoſi are divided in their opinion of the *Slave* †. Some think it a ſtatue in honour of that ſer-

* This ſtatue is by *Hercules Ferrata.* See an account and the draught of theſe ſtatues in the *Muſeum Florentinum.*

† The *Wreſtlers*, the *Faun*, the *Slave*, and the *Venus de Medici*, were extremely well caſt in copper by Signor *Soldani* for the great duke of *Marlborough*, and are now at *Blenheim.* Copies of them by the ſame artiſt had been previouſly ordered by queen *Anne*, intended as a preſent to his grace, but a change in the miniſtry intervening, they were countermanded, and ſtill remain at *Florence.* The earl of *Macclesfield* alſo, at *Sherborn* caſtle, has admirable copies of the *Venus* and *Faun*, caſt for the late earl by Signor *Pietro Cipriani.*

vant,

vant, who, by liſtening and continuing his work, diſcovered *Catiline*'s conſpiracy. Others think it the ſtatue of *Accius Navius*, the famous *Roman* augur, who, being challenged by *Tarquinius Priſcus* to give a proof of his art, cut a ſtone in two with a razor. The learned have objections to this latter explanation. I have neither knowledge, time, nor inclination to anſwer them: but I could not obſerve in the figure the leaſt ſymptoms of a liſtener. It ſeems to be a perſon whetting his knife, as if for ſome great and mighty purpoſe*, and at the ſame time looking up to heaven to implore aſſiſtance, or to attend the approach of a good omen. The *Wreſtlers (Pancrati-*

* His lordſhip's conjecture is well founded. On the reverſe of a coin of the *Antonine* family, in the great duke's collection, this figure appears to be the flayer of *Marſyas*, who is repreſented hanging on a tree, while this butcher is "whetting "his knife," and receiving directions from *Apollo*.

aſtæ)

æſtæ) is the work of a *Grecian* ſtatuary, his name unknown. It may well be ſuppoſed the admirable performance of *Myron*, the diſciple of *Ageladas*, among whoſe works *Pliny* mentions,

Delphicos pentathlos, Pancratiaſtas *.

But beyond them all is the *Venus*. There I ſaw *artis ſummum opus*. Human power can go no further. Her head, as you may remember by the copies, turns a little towards the left ſhoulder. Her hands are placed, as modeſty would place them: her body inclines, and her right leg advances forward. But the proportion and ſymmetry of body, legs,

* *Lib.* xxxiv. *cap.* 8. "The ſtatue of the wreſtlers, "or boxers, who had been victors in the five "games or ſports."

The works of *Myron* are celebrated for their tenderneſs and delicacy by *Quintilian*, (*B.* xiii. *C.* 10.) and on his brazen cow, in particular, there are near forty epigrams in the *Anthologia*.

hands,

hands, and head *, are juſt and delicate to the utmoſt degree of perfection †. I will leave her with you; and retire, till next poſt aſſures you that I am, dear ſir,

your true and faithful

humble ſervant,

CORKE.

* "Mr. *Richardſon* thinks the head ſomewhat too little for the body. See his *Travels*, p. 55."

† This inimitable Statue, which was found at *Tivoli*, formerly ſtood in the *Medici* palace on mount *Pincio* at *Rome*, from whence, together with the *Whetter* above-mentioned, it was brought to *Florence* by order of duke *Coſmo* III. The inſcription on the baſe ſhews it to be the work of *Cleomenes*, the ſon of *Apollodorus*. Mr. *Addiſon* ſays, "he had ſeveral reaſons to believe that the name "of the ſculptor on the pedeſtal is not ſo old as "the ſtatue."

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

Florence, October 30th, 1754.

I Have given you time enough, dear ſir, to conſider the beauties of *Venus*. Let us quit the *Tribune*, and look into the other ſix rooms, that are adjoining to different parts of the gallery. They are not all equally valuable, but each room contains various curioſities, not to be found in *England*, nor in any other part of *Italy*. *Florence* ſeems to have engroſſed the treaſures of the whole earth. She is, what the old poet ſays of *Great Britain*,

A world within herſelf, with wonders bleſt.

One of the largeſt rooms within the gallery is now almoſt entirely filled with portraits of eminent painters, all drawn

by themſelves*. Sir *Godfrey Kneller* is placed on high. He looks fierce, and by his dreſs and poſture, ſeems fitter to hold a truncheon than a pencil. I ſmiled to ſee *Liotard* there, in his *Turkiſh* habit; a dreſs which has impoſed upon many *Engliſh* chriſtians, who thought him an excellent painter, becauſe he appeared to be a *Turk*. He has exhibited himſelf in crayons, and in remarkable diſproportion. The immortal *Raphael d' Urbino* in ſome meaſure keeps the pretended *Mahometan* in countenance, by having left a repreſentation of his own perſon, far ſhort of that exquiſite power and perfection, to which he afterwards attained†. On reviewing the whole collection, that trite but applicable line in *Martial* immediately occurred,

* There were a hundred and thirty-ſeven when Mr. *Miſſon* was at *Florence* in 1688.

† *Raphael*'s portrait makes no great figure, and he muſt certainly have been very young at the time of this performance. *Keyſler*.

Sunt

Sunt bona, ſunt quædam mediocria, ſunt mala plura.

In the ſame room, between the windows, is placed a magnificent ſtatue of cardinal *Leopold de' Medici**. It is to him that the *Florentine* gallery is indebted for its greateſt and rareſt curioſities. He was the ſon of *Coſmo* II, and the brother of *Ferdinand* II, ſucceſſive grand dukes of *Tuſcany*. He had judgment and knowledge to direct, and at the ſame time, fortune and power to aſſiſt his taſte. He was, as the inſcription on the pedeſtal of his ſtatue juſtly deſcribes him, *Omnis eruditionis et elegantiæ aſſertor.*

The other rooms are different ſcenes of the power of art. Various pieces of the whiteſt ivory, turned in the niceſt

* This ſtatue is of white marble, and finely executed by *Giov. Battiſta Foggini.* The cardinal is in a ſitting attitude, and over him this inſcription, *Semper rectus, ſemper idem.* "Always juſt, and "always the ſame." *Keyſler.*

manner; many of them the works of the grand dukes, and the princes of the houſe of *Medici* *. Amber cabinets, oriental alabaſter, precious ſtones, *lapis lazuli*, inlaid tables, porcelain, cryſtal, every ſpecies of *virtù*. Three repreſentations in coloured wax-work will for ever ſtrike my memory with horror and admiration. One is the different progreſs of decay upon human bodies after death, from the moment they are laid into their diſmal receptacle, to the laſt abolition of the fleſh, a ſkeleton. The ſecond is a moſt melancholy repreſentation of the ſtate of perſons either dead, or dying, of the plague. Theſe are, both, in glaſs cabinets, preſerved with the utmoſt nicety. They were executed during the reign of *Ferdinand* I †, while the plague raged in *Florence*. The operator lived

* A round box here was turned by the Czar *Peter the Great*, a pair of chandeliers by Prince *Theodore* of *Bavaria*, &c.

† He died in 1609.

only

only to finiſh his work, and then fell a victim to the cruel peſtilence, which he had repreſented *. The third (the firſt performance of the ſame author) is an head. The ſkin from the ſkull is turned down from one ſide of the face, and the glands are plainly, too plainly, diſcovered. In viewing theſe pieces, each ſpectator endeavours to fly, but cannot. He tries to turn away his eyes, but cannot. He ſtays againſt his will, and is chained againſt his inclination. "Now get you "to my lady's chamber, and tell her, "let her paint an inch thick, to this fa-"vour ſhe muſt come."

I have omitted to tell you, that the walls of ſeveral of the ſeven rooms, particularly of the *Tribune*, are covered with the works of *Raphael*, *Titian*, *Paul Veroneſe*, *Tintoret*, *Vandyck*, and the fineſt

* Theſe admirable pieces were the workmanſhip of *Crejetano Julio Zummo*, a *Sicilian* eccleſiaſtic, whoſe picture hangs near them. *Keyſler*.

performances of the fineſt maſters. Some *Engliſh* portraits, particularly the earl of *Oſſory* and general *Monck*, reminded me of my diſtant country. An head in wax of *Oliver Cromwell* * carries on it all the marks of "a great wicked man." It bears the ſtrongeſt characteriſtics of boldneſs, ſteadineſs, ſenſe, penetration, and pride. It is ſaid to have been taken off from his face after his death. I cannot yield to that aſſertion. The muſcles are ſtrong and lively; the look is fierce and commanding. Death ſinks the features, renders all the muſcles languid, and flattens every nerve. I dare ſay, the duke of *Tuſcany* then reigning [*Ferdi-*

* "It is well known that the grand duke of "*Tuſcany* gave 500 l. to a relation of *Cromwell* "for his picture by *Walker*. This portrait is "now in the palace *Pitti* at *Florence*, where there "is a celebrated caſt of his face." *Granger's Biographical Hiſtory*, vol. ii. part 1. p. 6.

The caſt (mentioned above) is in the gallery of the *Old Palace*.

nand

nand II.] thought it an honour to aſk, and receive ſo valuable a preſent †. The face was certainly finiſhed *durante vitâ*: the ſucceeding times rendered the avowal of ſuch a gift impolitic, and the inſtance of ſo ſtrict a perſonal friendſhip ſhameful.

The antiquities of *Rome* have filled another chamber. The eye is loſt and confounded amidſt *ſellæ*, θηκαι, *lucernæ*, *claves*, *vaſa*, *menſæ et culinæ inſtrumenta*, *cochlearia*, *patellæ* *, *et cætera*, *et cætera*, *et cætera*.

† In *Thurloe's State Papers*, vol. iii. p. 147, is a letter from the great duke's principal ſecretary to his reſident *Salvatti* in *England*, (dated *Florence*, *Feb.* 20, 165⅘,) offering "to the lord "protector's highneſs a preſent of twenty-four "cheſts of ſeveral ſorts of wines, a ſign of the "great duke's moſt obſequious ſervice to his "highneſs, &c. beſeeching him to be pleaſed "to judge (even by ſuch a ſmall toy) the true "intention and deſire he hath and ever will have "to ſerve his highneſs in greater matters."

* Chairs, boxes, lamps, keys, veſſels, table and kitchen utenſils, ſpoons, diſhes, &c.

Let me again recollect myſelf to ſay, that the inlaid tables in the ſeveral rooms conſiſt of jaſper, topazes, agates, and all kinds of coloured marble ſo nicely put together, as to form the moſt beautiful figures, and the moſt natural repreſentations of towns*, woods, rocks, rivers, cattle, and people; not to mention a certain broken pearl necklace, the beads of which my daughter † tried in vain to take up in her hand. It would be worth the trouble of travelling twelve hundred miles, the diſtance which I now compute myſelf from you, to behold any one of theſe rooms; but moſt eſpecially the *Tribune*. You ſee the roof, height, and ſhape of it, not the ſize, in the late lord *Burlington*'s ſalon at *Chiſwick*.

The gallery itſelf ſeems entirely re-

* One of theſe moſaïc ſtone tables repreſents the town and port of *Leghorn*, *lapis lazuli* being laid for the ſea. *Skippon*.

† Lady *Lucy Boyle*, now viſcounteſs *Torrington*.

ſerved

ſerved for antique buſts and ſtatues. Of the former is a ſeries of the emperors of *Rome* *, and ſome of the empreſſes, from the firſt *Cæſar* down to *Galienus*. You will find an exact catalogue of them, if my memory ſerves me, in *Wright*'s Travels †.

Among the ſtatues, ſcarce any one has ſtruck me more than the figure, or rather the face of *Marſyas*, flayed by *Apollo*, and tied to a tree. It is a maſterpiece in its kind. Rage, pain, and diſappointment appear moſt ſtrongly in the countenance; and poor *Marſyas* ſeems to anſwer the deſcription of the damned, by weeping, wailing, and gnaſhing his teeth ‡.

Strangers are admitted to walk in the gallery all the morning, and to converſe

* All except about ſix.

† Vol. ii. p. 397.

‡ A print of this ſtatue, engraved by *Boitard*, is inſerted, as an ornamental piece, in Mr. *Spence*'s *Polymetis*, p. 301.

with

with marble gods and petrified emperors as freely as they pleaſe. The rooms within the gallery are kept under lock and key; no perſon is permitted to remain alone in any one of them, even for a moment. Such a precaution, without doubt is neceſſary, as they contain millions of little curioſities, that might be eaſily filched by that kind of pick-pocket, who entitles himſelf a *Virtuoſo*.

To-morrow we go to *Piſa*, with an intention of ſettling there during the winter-ſeaſon. When we have taken a ſufficient view of that univerſity, ſo as to give you ſome little account of it, you ſhall hear again from

your very faithful

obedient ſervant,

CORKE.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

Piſa, November 7th, 1754.

DEAR SIR,

IN my laſt I told you, that we had thoughts of ſettling here. It is impoſſible. If either houſe, victuals, or even neceſſaries were to be had in *Piſa*, we ſhould be glad to remain in this city; but in its preſent ſtate, camelions only can inhabit it. Horſes indeed may graze and fatten in the ſtreets. Human creatures, unleſs they are *Italians*, cannot find lodgings or ſubſiſtence. It is the ſecond town in *Tuſcany*; it is an archbiſhopric, and an univerſity. Pompous titles! but titles only. Under the houſe of *Medici*, *Piſa* may have been in vigour and proſperity; yet I remember, *Miſſon* mentions the circumſtance I juſt now hinted, of

of graſs growing in the ſtreets*. *Miſſon* wrote in the year 1688†, in the reign of *Coſmo* III, who almoſt conſtantly reſided in this city during the depth of winter; yet its atrophy was then begun, and now, I own, it appears in the laſt ſtage of a conſumption.

Piſa, divided like *Florence* by the *Arno*, is ſituated in a fine open country. A broad magnificent quay with houſes on each ſide of the river, various ſtatues, convents, and churches, the cathedral, the baptiſtery, the bridge, the town-houſe, and the hanging tower, are ornamental edifices, that, in defiance of poverty and deſolation, give an air of grandeur to *Piſa*, and make it appear like a

* This circumſtance is alſo mentioned by *Keyſler*, who was at *Piſa* in 1730, and Dr. *Smollet*, who was there in 1765.

† Mr. *Miſſon* travelled with the earl of *Arran*, brother to the duke of *Ormond*. His *travels* were publiſhed (in *French*) in 3 vols. 12mo. in 1691.

fair

fair city, which ſome furious peſtilence has lately depopulated*.

The penſile tower, built with ſo much exactneſs from the top to the baſe, as to appear a kind of miracle to the ignorant‡, is of a round cylindrical form, com-

* In like manner Dr. *Smollet*: "*Piſa* is a fine "old city that ſtrikes you with the ſame venera- "tion you would feel at the ſight of a temple "which bears the marks of decay, without being "abſolutely in ruins."

‡ M. *de la Condamine* found by meaſurement, that a plumb-line let down from the top, touches the ground at the diſtance of thirteen feet from the bottom of the tower. Moſt writers are of opinion, that this inclination is accidental, not deſigned, as the pedeſtals of the pillars, which are under ground, are in the ſame inclined poſition with thoſe above, and even the ſcaffold-holes, which remain unfilled, are all ſloping.

This tower was completed in the year 1174, by one *William*, a *German*, perhaps the ſame *William* who from 1175 to 1179 was employed in rebuilding the choir of *Canterbury*, where, it is obſervable, the capitals of the pillars are very ſimilar to thoſe of *Piſa*, approaching nearly to the *Corinthian*.

poſed

poſed of eight ſtones of the whiteſt marble, an hundred and eighty feet high.

The cathedral is dark and gloomy, large and magnificent; a *Gothic* building; ſomething ſingular, and not eaſily deſcribed, is diſguſtful to the eye upon the firſt entrance into it: I believe, from the confuſion of orders; *Gothic* arches being mixed with *Corinthian* pillars*. The ceiling is gilt, and divided into compartments. A monument of an archbiſhop of *Piſa* is very fine, eſpecially as ſupported by two ſtatues of CHARITY and RELIGION. The pillars of the whole church are all of marble and granite: different in their colours, not beautiful

* Theſe pillars, however, are not *Grecian*, but that light, neat, modern *Gothic*, (juſt mentioned) more properly ſtiled *Arabeſque*, or *Saracenic*, from its being firſt introduced, in the tenth century, by the *Arabians*, or *Saracens*. See *Riou's Grecian Orders of Architecture*, p. 9. and *Bentham's Hiſtory of Ely Cathedral*, p. 36. where the reader will find a more accurate account of *Gothic* architecture than any yet publiſhed.

in

in their arrangement. The pavement is *Moſaic*. The gates are of braſs †, exquiſitely wrought; they repreſent in ſmall figures, the whole hiſtory of the bible.

On the outſide of this cathedral, I took particular notice of a *ſarcophagus*, ſtuck up awkwardly enough, againſt the wall. It repreſents in the true antique manner, the ſtory of Venus, Adonis, and the boar. At a corner I obſerved a ſtone, accidentally thruſt in by the workmen, not at the original building, but to ſupply ſome vacancy made either by time or accident, and ſo little conſpicuous, that I had gone twice round the cathedral before I perceived it. Part of the inſcription is broken off; the remainder is

LAELIO·HADRIANO·ANTONINO·AUG·PIO·PONT·MAX·TRIB·POTEST III PPNDUICEN·

† "They are the work of *Bonano Piſano*, made "in the year 1180. See *Richardſon's Travels*, "p. 44."

I ſhall

I ſhall not trouble you with many more quotations of this ſort. *Grævius*, *Gronovius*, *Gruter*, *Montfaucon*, and many other authors, being ſo amply filled with inſcriptions, that ſcarce the minuteſt ſcrap can have eſcaped them. As yet, to my great ſurpriſe and diſappointment, I have found few footſteps of ancient *Rome*; not a portico, not an arch, not a column, to be ſeen. The *Goths* and *Vandals*, the *Guelphs* and *Gibbelines**, the more modern, but continued wars in *Tuſcany*, muſt have occaſioned this great dearth of heatheniſh reliques, which, if they are not ſo ſacred as the thumbs of ſaints, or the thigh-bones of martyrs, are at leaſt, as ſatisfactory and much more inſtructive.

* The factions of the popes and the emperors: the firſt ſo called from *Guelph* duke of *Bavaria*, in the xith century; the other from a village in *Suabia* given as a watch word to the army of *Conrad* III. in the xiith century, by *Frederick* his brother, who had been educated there.

Yeſterday,

Yeſterday, we went to view a city of the greateſt traffic in *Italy*, *Leghorn*, [*Livorno*]. It is a free port, belonging to the dukes of *Tuſcany*, on the *Mediterranean*, which, however boiſterous and paſſionate at ſome times, appeared to us placid, and ſmooth as glaſs. The ſtreets of *Leghorn* are ſtrait; the chief ſtreet is very broad, and proportionably long. The ſquare is very ſpacious and handſome, not regular, but originally intended to have had buildings in every one of the four ſides, exactly anſwerable to each other. The great church, which conſtitutes part of the ſquare, is magnificent; the ceiling of it is finely painted. The houſes were originally built low and regular. As the inhabitants have increaſed, they have added ſtory upon ſtory, and have entirely broken in upon the uniformity. Paintings in freſco have formerly decorated the outſide of every houſe in the great ſtreet. Time, weather, and alterations have al-

moſt quite defaced the paintings. *Leghorn*, before the riſe of the houſe of *Medici*, belonged to the republic of *Genoa*, who exchanged it with *Coſmo*, the firſt great duke of *Tuſcany*, for *Sarzana* *. Both parties had their advantage in the exchange. *Sarzana* lay on the borders of *Genoa*, *Leghorn* on thoſe of *Tuſcany*; but *Coſmo*, and his two ſons *Francis* and *Ferdinand*, who, in their turns, were his ſucceſſors, judiciouſly foreſaw the advantage that might be made of its ſituation. They built walls round the city. They

* The writers of the *Univerſal Modern Hiſtory* (vol. x. 570. and xiii. 386.) ſay, that "*Leghorn* "was ſold to the *Florentines* for 120,000 ducats "by *Thomas Fregoſo*, doge of *Genoa*, in 1420," about a hundred years before *Coſmo*, the firſt great duke was born. Other writers affirm that *Charles* VIII. took *Leghorn* from the *Genoeſe*, and gave it to the *Florentines*, in 1495. *Keyſler* agrees with our author, and even the *Modern Hiſtorians*, in a ſubſequent part of their work, (vol. xvi. p. 216.) ſay alſo, that "*Leghorn* was obtained in exchange "for *Sarzana*."

fenced

fenced thoſe walls with forts. They cleared and drained the marſhes, that had long rendered the place unwholeſome and uninhabited *. They eſtabliſhed the freedom of the port, and formed two moſt commodious harbours, the one for larger, the other for ſmaller veſſels. They made the city an aſylum againſt arreſts for debt. You will allow

* In the reign of the grand-duke *Ferdinand* II. Sir *Robert Dudley*, ſon of the earl of *Leiceſter*, who aſſumed his grandfather's title of duke of *Northumberland*, and reſided at *Florence*, became famous on account of that great project, which he formed, of draining a vaſt tract of moraſs between *Piſa* and the ſea, and raiſing *Leghorn*, which was then a mean and pitiful place, into a large and beautiful town, improving the haven by a mole, &c. and having engaged his ſerene highneſs to declare it a free port, he, by his influence and correſpondences, drew many *Engliſh* merchants to ſettle and ſet up houſes there. For theſe and other great ſervices, the grand-duke ſettled on him a penſion of 2000 ſequins, [900 l. ſterling] and gave him the caſtle of *Corbello*, &c. *Biographia Britannica*, vol. iii. p. 1812.

this to be a refinement upon the ſcheme of *Romulus*. Every point of policy, omitted or uncompleted by the firſt great-duke, and his eldeſt ſon, was ſupplied by the wiſdom of *Ferdinand*, who confirmed and ſecured the wealth and trade of this new mercantile world. *Piſa* only ſuffered by the completion of ſo wiſe a ſcheme. She ſoon became a deſerted city: her inhabitants left her. They haſtened to meet that amazing concourſe of merchants, who ſwarmed every day to *Leghorn*. Unhappy *Piſa!* once a powerful republic, afterwards enſlaved by many maſters, now, as I before remarked, *una città, univerſità, et niente* *.

Neither the chriſtian piety of *Coſmo*, nor of *Francis*, nor even of *Ferdinand*, who had been a cardinal, hindered them from eſtabliſhing in *Leghorn*, thoſe neceſſary inſtruments of trade, the *Jews*. The thriving ſons of *Iſrael* have a particular quarter of the town aſſigned for

* "A city, an univerſity, and nothing."

their

their abode. At preſent their number is fourteen thouſand. All religions are exerciſed peaceably by the *Livornians*, who appear, as a modern author expreſſes himſelf, "like a hive of bees without "one ſting of devotion." The inhabitants of *Leghorn* ebb and flow, from three to five and forty thouſand people, compoſed of every nation under the ſun.

Let us return, through a very delightful foreſt, from *Leghorn* to *Piſa*, the diſtance only fourteen miles.

Antiquarians affirm, not without ſome degree of probability, that *Piſa* was originally built by a *Grecian* colony, who ſettling in *Etruria*, denominated their new town, the ſame as that which they had quitted in *Peloponneſus*. *Virgil* is brought as a witneſs to this aſſertion:

Hos parere jubent Alpheæ ab origine Piſæ,
Urbs Etruſca ſolo *.

* *Æneid.* x. ver. 179.
Piſa, a *Tuſcan* town, ſupplies theſe bands,
Piſa, firſt founded by *Alphean* hands.
Wright.

Virgil, throughout his *Æneid*, has ſtudiouſly taken care to celebrate the places of moſt notoriety in his own time. I cannot therefore avoid indulging myſelf in the thought, that I am now treading on Claſſic ground. The ſituation of the city, on a fine river, in a plain, fertile, champaign country, the approach on every ſide eaſy and delightful, the air as healthy and as warm as that of *Naples*, were circumſtances adapted to *Grecian* luxury, and ſuch as left no perceptible alteration in the exchange of *Peloponneſus* for *Etruria*.

I am juſt returned from viewing the great-duke's palace. It is rather an excellent houſe than a royal dwelling. It is ſituated on one of the quays, and commands a proſpect of the *Arno*.

The burying-place [*Il campo ſanto*] is encompaſſed by a *Gothic* cloiſter, like that of Weſtminſter, but in an oblong ſquare*. Miracles attend every inch of *the*

* Its inner area is filled with earth which was brought

the ſacred ground. They are undoubtedly recorded by many legendary writers. I will not add to the number.

Around the walks of the cloiſter, are ranged many *ſarcophagi*, ſome very fine, in *alto relievo*. They were found in different parts of *Europe*, and brought hither, as to a repoſitory, by the purchaſe and command of the former great-dukes of *Tuſcany*.

The aqueduct, which ſupplies the inhabitants with water, is a plain noble fabric. It is built on large brick arches four miles in length. I beheld with aſtoniſhment ſo expenſive, and ſo beneficial a public work. Two large reſervoirs receive the water, and ſupply two

brought from *Jeruſalem*, in 1228, as ballaſt, in the galleys of the *Piſans* when they returned from warring with the *Turks*, and from thence takes its name: it was begun to be built in the year 1200, and was finiſhed in 1278. It is the property, they ſay, of *Jeruſalem* earth to reduce a body to a ſkeleton in twenty-four hours. *Wright.*

perpetual fountains, that are at once an ornament, a refreſhment, a convenience, and an advantage to the city. I bluſhed to think, that I had ever ſeen *Cheapſide*-conduit, and that I ſhall probably ſee again, in various parts of *London*, the letters F. P. to notify water, and a *Fire-Plug*, ſomewhere or other to be found, if diligently ſought for upon very emergent occaſions. The grand-duke *Ferdinand*, has many ſtatues, and many pompous inſcriptions, throughout *Tuſcany*, to his honour. His AQUEDUCT at *Piſa* records his praiſes with greater truth, and more juſtice, than all his other monuments.

If you are not tired, permit me to conduct you to the baths of *Piſa*, which are two miles diſtant from the town. They are large, handſome, and convenient, far more commodiouſly contrived than the baths in *Somerſetſhire*. Any perſon may occupy a ſingle room, in which he will find a bath, a fire-place, and

and ſufficient ſpace for a bed*. The waters are as hot as thoſe of the *Queen*'s *bath*, and much of the ſame nature. The lodgings (part of the great-duke's revenue) are dear in reſpect of *Italy*, cheap in reſpect of *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, and *Briſtol*. All proviſions are brought in from the neighbouring common-wealth of *Lucca*. The city of *Piſa* cannot afford meat, or even greens or garden-fruits of any kind. The buildings are new. A rocky romantic hill riſes cloſe behind them, of which the greateſt part is covered by a wood of ſhrubs conſiſting of juniper and myrtles. The buildings, the hill, the rocks, and the wood, afford a moſt pleaſing proſpect to the eye—

Nullus in orbe ſinus Baiis prælucet amœnis†.

In the ſeaſon, which is the midſt of ſummer, great numbers of people reſort

* Dr. *Dominiceti*'s baths, &c. at *Chelſea*, ſeem, in ſome meaſure, formed on this model.

† *Hor. Lib.* 1. *Epiſt.* 1. *ver.* 83.

No bay with pleaſant *Baiæ* can compare.

to theſe baths, more for the benefit of bathing than of drinking the waters *. When the company is abſent, I have ſeldom ſeen a place more ſuitably adapted to ſtudy and contemplation.

My next ſhall be from *Florence*; we are determined to winter there. I have been ſo long in my viſit, that I muſt haſten to take leave. Adieu.

CORKE.

* The hot ſprings of *Tuſcany* were choaked up by the Barbarians. The famous counteſs *Matilda*, in 1113, repaired and made uſe of them; but the ſucceeding ages of barbariſm again choaked them, till about the year 1743 they were diſcovered at the foot of mount *St. Giuliano* not far from *Piſa*, and being again rebuilt, they are at this time [1763] vaſtly frequented for their medicinal virtues. *Univ. Mod. Hiſt.* vol. xiii. p. 269.

In *Montfaucon's Antiquities* is an inner view of that part of the ancient Baths of *Piſa* called *Laconicum*, taken from a deſign of Cardinal *Noris*.

LETTER

LETTER X.

Florence, November 29th, 1754.

BEHOLD me, "would thou couldſt," as *Shakeſpear* ſays, again ſituated and fixed among all the rarities of the *European* world; again, my valuable friend, in the neighbourhood of *Venus*; again near *il Ponte della Trinità*; again under the protection, and often under the roof of a gentleman who ſtudies to make us happy, *Horatio Mann*, Eſq; his Majeſty's miniſter to the emperor as duke of *Tuſcany*. I wiſh you knew him; I wiſh he knew you. He does honour to our nation. He lives elegantly and generouſly. He never fails in any point of civility and kindneſs to his countrymen. The politeneſs of his manners, and the prudence of his conduct, are

ſhining

ſhining examples both to the *Britons* and *Italians*. He is the only perſon I have ever known, whom all *Engliſhmen* agree in praiſing. He has the art of conquering our prejudices, and taming our fierceneſs. Sigh with me, that ſuch a man ſhould be ſubject to perpetual head-achs, and to that delicate frame of conſtitution, which is ſo often, and ſo eaſily, diſlocated; even to a degree, that almoſt unhinges life itſelf, or at leaſt weakens and renders it difficult to repair. He is fortunate in the friendſhip, ſkill, and care of his phyſician doctor *Cochi*, who has formerly been in *England* with the late lord *Huntingdon*. The doctor is much prejudiced in favour of the *Engliſh*, though he reſided ſome years among us. He is a man of moſt extenſive learning; underſtands, reads, and ſpeaks, all the *European* languages, is ſtudious, polite, modeſt, humane, and inſtructive. He will always be admired and beloved by all who know him. Could I live with

theſe two gentlemen only, and converſe with few or none others, I ſhould ſcarce deſire to return to *England* in many years *. Foreigners, at my time of life, are not ſo reliſhable perhaps as they ought to be. Perhaps I carry with me the *maladie du païs*, a diſtemper, to which moſt men are liable. Be that as it may, it is irkſome to begin to form new acquaintance in a diſtant world, where the cuſtoms, the religion, the hours, the diſpoſitions, and all appearances, are different from what we have

* In another letter his lordſhip mentions the Abbé *Nicolini*, (who had alſo been in *England*) as "a man of great family, of excellent ſenſe, "thorough knowledge of books, perſons, and "things, and particularly obliging and attached "to the *Engliſh*;" and the Abbé *Buondelmonte*, "ſuperior to moſt and inferior in learning to "none." The Abbé *Nicolini* is alſo celebrated by Mr. *Sharp*. This literary triumvirate, not eaſily to be matched, is now no more. Dr. *Cochi*'s ſon is one of the preſent *literati* of *Florence*.

experienced before. I have not ſojourned long enough among the *Florentines* to form any exact judgment of the people. What as yet I have been able to obſerve, I will tell you.

The inhabitants of the higher ſort are civil, grave, and abſtemious. Even an *Engliſhman*, conquered by example, drinks no bumpers here. The common people are lazy, proud, and cowardly. Not a grain of *Roman* ſpirit remains throughout *Tuſcany*. You know the general attachment which is inherent to names. The *Florentines* languiſh after the houſe of *Medici*; yet by that family they were firſt enſlaved. That they ſhould wiſh their prince to reſide among them *, is conſonant to nature and to reaſon. They dream of ancient liberty; their dreams

* They have now their wiſh. The late emperor not long before his death (which happened in 1765) reſigned his *Tuſcan* dominions to his ſecond ſon *Peter-Leopold*, who now with his dutcheſs (an infanta of *Spain*) reſides at *Florence*.

have

have a gloomy effect upon their waking hours; they appear melancholy. "We "are a people," ſay they, "who are "tied by the leg. We wiſh to fly, but "we are detained by iron chains." Whither would they fly? Undoubtedly to their ancient republic.

Their good breeding runs into the ſtiffneſs of ceremony. They are offended at the leaſt defect in decorum *. There are certain eſtabliſhed laws in going into a coach, that ſtill puzzle me, and often make me ſtudy very heartily which is my right, and which is my left hand.

* Thus alſo Mr. *Miſſon*: "Notwithſtanding "its beauty and the fineneſs of its ſituation, "the reſiding in *Florence* is very melancholy to "thoſe who are accuſtomed to taſte the ſweets "of ſociety. The chevalier *D.* who has lived "there ſome years cannot ſufficiently expreſs his "chagrin at the troubleſome cuſtoms and eternal "ceremonies of the *Florentines*, as well as the *in-viſibility* of the women. Without being born "among theſe cuſtoms, one cannot but think "them extremely ſtrange." *Letter* xxxi.

No *Florentine* ever appears in an undreſs. The fidlers, the taylors, and the barbers all wear ſwords. The noblemen *(la nobilità)* ſtir not to the next door without a numerous attendance of lacqueys, among whom is always a running footman. They are ſtrangers to what the *French* call EASE; in which point that nation deviates into an extreme, particularly by avoiding cleanlineſs, and forgetting decorum.

The *Florentines* affect, and almoſt reach magnificence. Their equipages are fine, their coaches large, their horſes lean; their palaces truly ſumptuous. They make few or no entertainments. Neither their diſpoſitions nor revenues will allow of hoſpitality. They have card-aſſemblies, in which formality, rather than dignity, or gaiety, preſides. I am told they are ſatyrical. It is certain they are nice obſervers, and neither defective in judgment or underſtanding; yet their public amuſements and diver-

ſions,

ſions, eſpecially thoſe of the theatre, are the amuſements and diverſions of children. The practice of religion is outwardly acted by their prieſts, and indeed by the laiety in the churches. Few traces of it (I ſpeak not of the clergy) are perceptible in their conduct. Not half an hour ago, a ſolemn proceſſion paſſed under our windows. The perſons, who attended it, ſhewed by their behaviour their private opinion of the ſcenery. No heretics could have conducted themſelves in a more indecent manner. The cuſtoms and external forms of religion are continued; the reverence and devotion of it are neglected. Prudence (by an inviolable taciturnity on certain points) added to a moſt conſtant attendance at maſs, defend the *Florentines* from the tyranny of the inquiſition; which exiſts, but triumphs not, in this city.

How ſhall I ſpell, how ſhall I paint, how ſhall I deſcribe, the animal known by the title of a *Chichiſbee?* [*Ciciſbeo*].

You will not find the word in any dictionary. The etymology is not as yet made known to me. It ſo totally abrogates one of the chief characteriſtics of the *Italians*, Jealouſy, that, unleſs I had ſeen innumerable inſtances of its power in that particular, ſcarce your own teſtimony could have found credit with me. The *Chichiſbee* is a man, with many of the privileges of a huſband, and all the virtues of an eunuch. He is an appendix to matrimony. Within a week after her nuptials, a young lady makes choice of her *Chichiſbee*. From that moment ſhe never appears in public with her huſband, nor is ever imprudent enough to be ſeen without her *Chichiſbee*. He is her guardian, her friend, and her gentleman uſher. He attends her in a morning as ſoon as ſhe is awake. He preſents to her chocolate before ſhe riſes. He ſets her ſlippers; and, as ſoon as his morning viſit is over, he withdraws where he pleaſes. The lady admits him

not

not to dinner. The huſband only has that honour. In the afternoon he returns to attend her in her viſits. His aſſiduity muſt be remarkable; his punctuality muſt never waver. When ſhe ſees company at home, he is to hand her from one end of the room to the other, from chair to chair, and from ſide to ſide. If ſhe enters into a particular diſcourſe with another perſon, the *Chichiſbee* retires into a corner of the room with the lap-dog, or ſits in the window teaching the macaw to ſpeak *Italian*. If the lady ſits down to play, it is the duty of the *Chichiſbee* to ſort her cards. The huſband (believe me, I entreat you, if you can,) beholds their familiarities, not only contentedly, but with pleaſure. He himſelf has the honourable employment of a *Chichiſbee* in another houſe; and in both ſituations, as *huſband* and *chichiſbee*, neither gives, nor receives, the leaſt tinct of jealouſy *.

Methinks

* Mr. *Sharp* ſays, " In *Florence*, the generality

Methinks I ſee you dubious and ſtartled at this account. Be aſſured, it is not exaggerated, nor have I extracted a tittle from the ſcandalous chronicle, which ſays, that *Chichiſbees* are often *elected* before marriage, and *inſtituted* after; add-

" of ladies have three *Ciciſbeos*; the firſt is the " *Ciciſbeo* of dignity; the ſecond is the *Ciciſ-* " *beo* who picks up the glove, gives the fan, and " pulls off or puts on the cloak, &c. the third *Ci-* " *ciſbeo* is by the wags deemed the ſubſtantial *Ci-* " *ciſbee*, or lover." *Letter* xlviii.

Inſtead of annexing (with Mr. *Sharp*) to the word *Ciciſbeo* the idea of an adulterer, Mr. *Baretti* ſays, that, " it originally ſignified no more than " a *whiſperer*; and at preſent means only a *Pla-* " *tonic* adorer of either ſex, without conveying " the leaſt diſparaging reflection." See his *Account of the Manners and Cuſtoms of* Italy, *Chap.* viii.

M. *de la Lande* alſo pretends, that " a *Ciciſbeo* " and his lady, in *Italy*, regard each other juſt as " a brother and ſiſter do in *France*, in conſe- " quence of the ſame force of habit;" though he acknowledges, that " there are *Ciciſbeos* of " love as well as of convenience." See *Voyage d'un François en Italie fait dans les années* 1765, 1766.

ing

ing farther, that the name of the *Chichiſbee*, and the definition of his employment, are frequently inſerted in marriage-ſettlements, to ſecure him againſt the too great power of a whimſical huſband, or a watchful mother-in-law. Many other ſiniſter comments may be found in that voluminous chronicle. How can it be otherwiſe? The appearance of the breach of virtue is always treated by the world, as the breach itſelf. Give obloquy a foundation-ſtone, ſhe will ſoon raiſe a ſuperſtructure, that ſhall reach the ſkies. Upon the whole, we may pronounce equitably this ſentence, that if the *Lady* is chaſte, ſhe has great virtue; if the *Chichiſbee* is chaſte, he has greater *.

I am, deareſt ſir,

ever yours,

CORKE.

* "*Martiniere*, under the article *Italie*, concludes the character of the *Italians* thus; "They "are very jealous of their women, who are well-"made, ſprightly, witty; and they allow them "little liberty."

LETTER XI.

Florence, December 31ſt, 1754.

DEAR SIR,

SINCE I wrote to you laſt, my books are arrived. They will be of uſe, not ſo much to teach me what to ſay, as what not to ſay; and they have already taught me, not to be at any extraordinary pains in deſcribing ſtatues, palaces, and pictures. You will find many of them in that phœnix of our *Engliſh* writers Mr. *Addiſon* *. Such as have eſcaped Mr. *Addiſon* are amply and

* Mr. *Addiſon* travelled into *Italy*, &c. in 1700, by the favour of lord *Somers* (who procured him a penſion for that purpoſe of 300 l. a year). He was abroad three years, and publiſhed his *Remarks*, ſoon after his return.

moſt judiciouſly ſupplied by Mr. *Wright* †, the beſt author who has traverſed *Italian* ground *, and Mr. *Richardſon* the younger ‡. To tell you the truth, tho' I reliſh *Virtù* to a much greater degree

† *Edward Wright*, Eſq; travelled with the late earl of *Macclesfield* (then lord *Parker*) in the years 1720, 1721, and 1722. His *Obſervations* were publiſhed in two volumes 4to, 1730. "His ſtyle "is not good in proſe; it is worſe in rhyme; but "his matter and remarks are judicious and im-"proving."

* Mr. *Keyſler*, a *German*, was in *Italy*, &c. with the two young barons *Bernſtorff* of *Denmark* in 1730. His *Travels* were publiſhed (in *German*) ſoon after his death, which happened in 1743, and were tranſlated into *Engliſh* in 1756, in four volumes 4to.

Meſſrs. *de la Condamine*, *Smollett*, *Sharp*, *Baretti*, *de la Lande*, &c. have travelled and publiſhed ſince this letter was written.

‡ "Mr. *Richardſon* entitles his work, "An account "of ſome of the ſtatues, bas-reliefs, drawings, "and pictures in *Italy*, with remarks." His account is ſhort, but full, and well-digeſted. The knowledge and ſkill of his father muſt have been very advantageous to him."

than I underſtand it, letting my eyes and fancy implicitly command my judgment, yet the trade, the conſtitution, the climate, the inhabitants of a country, appear to me the much more advantageous ſtudy of the two; eſpecially as an examination of that kind cannot fail of comprehending both the ornamental and the mercantile riches of the ſtate.

The preſent government of *Florence* is under the name of the emperor. The immediate exerciſe of the government is under count *Richecourt* *, who lives in the *Old Palace* [*Palazzo vecchio*] and has all the authority he can deſire, and as the *Florentines* think, much more than he deſerves. He is of a chearful aſpect, and of a moſt princely perſonage; yet ſomething ſiniſter and obſcure may be perceived in his countenance. He ſeems little inclined to the *Engliſh*; leſs indeed

* The *Modern Hiſtory* calls him (by miſtake) M. *Richard*.

than

than is conſiſtent with politeneſs. He is ſevere, juſt, and regular in his adminiſtration; rather inexorable than indulgent; a man of buſineſs; of a clear, comprehenſive underſtanding, proud, and as the *Florentines* affirm, lucrative and tyrannical. Great allowances muſt be made for their prejudices againſt him. He is a *Lorraineſe*; the ſhadow, not the ſubſtance of a ſovereign; and he ſucceeds a man of a much milder, and more obſequious diſpoſition, the prince *de Craon*, who reſigned the reins of power unwillingly, and did not long ſurvive the reſignation *.

The preſent frame of government is ſupported by a regency, which conſiſts of a *Triumvirate*. Count *Richecourt* has no other title than "the firſt of the regency." The other two † are not of

* For farther particulars of this unfortunate prince, ſee Letter xx.

† "The Abbate *Tornaquinci*, ſecretary of ſtate, and ſignor *Antenori*, ſecretary of war."

the

the leaſt conſequence. They anſwer their deſtination, by filling up the complement of regents, and confirming the edicts of their chief. They are both *Italians: Adepti ſunt nomen honoris, non honorem.*

Having named the *Palazzo vecchio*, it is requiſite that I ſhould give you ſome account of it. The building is *Gothicly* antique; lofty, gloomy, and venerable. In this palace were kept the courts of juſtice during the times of the republic. It was the dwelling of the *Gonfalonier* *, and, 'till the purchaſe of the palace *Pitti* †, was the reſidence of the dukes

* A magiſtrate firſt choſen in the year 1287, whoſe office it was to bear the gonfalon (or ſtandard) of juſtice, and to call the people out to attend his ſtandard, in all caſes of the breach of the peace, which could not be remedied in the ordinary court of juſtice. Being a poſt of great power, its duration was limited to two months, and (like the *Roman* Tribunes) it could only be held by a plebeian.

† For a deſcription of the palace ſee the next letter. *Uno de piu maeſtoſi edifizi, che ſi veggano in tutta l'Italia.* p. 129. *di Riſtrelto.*

of

of *Tuſcany*. Two ſtrange hiſtorical anecdotes made me particulaly curious in viewing it. The firſt was an archbiſhop of *Piſa* hanged out of one of the chamber windows. The other was the fable of *Cinyras* and *Myrrha*, tranſacted in the great hall.

The plotting prelate was *Franceſco Salviati*. Three of the confederates, two of whom were nameſakes and kinſmen to the archbiſhop, were hanged at the ſame inſtant, and from the ſame window. The narrative would run beyond the bounds of a letter*. A chain, in memory of the fact,

* Pope *Sixtus* IV. [in 1477] was deſirous of ſtripping the lords of *Imola* and *Friuli* of their poſſeſſions, to enrich *Jerom Riario*. The two brothers *Medici* ſupported theſe princes with money and troops. The pope thought he could not maintain his authority in *Italy*, but by the ruin of the *Medici* family. *Francis Pazzi*, a banker of *Florence*, who had ſettled at *Rome*, and who was an enemy to the two brothers, offered his ſervice to the pope to get them aſſaſſinated. Cardinal *Raphael Riario*, *Jerom's* brother, was ſent to *Florence*

fact, remained pendent from the time of the execution, as an emblem of terror to all future conſpirators againſt the ſtate. Policy has ſince directed the reſtleſs

rence to manage the plot, of which *Salviati*, archbiſhop of *Piſa*, had already formed the plan; and *Stephano*, a dependant of the archbiſhop, undertook to execute it. The conſpirators fixed on a day in which a grand feſtival was to be held in the church of St. *Reparata*, for the maſſacre of the *Medici* and their friends, in the ſame manner that the aſſaſſins of *Galeas Sforza* had made choice of the cathedral of *Milan*, and the feſtival of St. *Stephen*, to murder that prince at the foot of the altar. The inſtant of the elevation of the hoſt was the time fixed to ſtrike the blow, as then, the people being proſtrate, and attentive to the appearance of their God, were not in a condition to obſtruct the execution. Accordingly, at that very moment, *Julian de Medici* was ſtabbed by a brother of *Pazzi*, and others of the conſpirators. *Lorenzo de Medici* was wounded by *Stephano*, but not ſo mortally but that he had ſtrength enough to take refuge in the veſtry.

The people of *Florence*, who loved the family of *Medici*, revenged this aſſaſſination with intereſt on the bloody perpetrators. The archbiſhop was hanged

leſs ſons of ambition to undermine by artifice, not to attack by violence, ſuch governments, as they ſeek to deſtroy. But here the hydra of faction is long ſince ſubdued. The *Florentine* heads are ſeared, and now the chain appears no more.

hanged at one of the windows of the public palace. *Lorenzo* had the generoſity, or prudence, to ſave the life of the cardinal, whom the enraged people were going to put to death, at the foot of that very altar, which he had himſelf ſtained with blood, and to which he now fled for ſafety. *Voltaire*'s *additions to General Hiſtory.*

Julian left a poſthumous ſon, afterwards pope *Clement* VII.

M. *de Voltaire* has in another place juſtly obſerved, that "if pope *Sixtus* IV. had not been an "infidel, he would not have engaged in the con-"ſpiracy of the *Pazzi*, for which the archbiſhop "of *Piſa* was hanged in his pontifical habit at the "windows of the town-houſe. The aſſaſſins of "the *Medici*, who perpetrated their parricide in "the cathedral, at the inſtant when the prieſt "ſhewed the Euchariſt to the people, could not "believe in the Euchariſt."

The

The *Cinyras* was *Coſmo*, the firſt great duke of *Tuſcany*; (his predeceſſor *Alexander de Medici**, not being to be numbered, I think, in the ſeries of thoſe princes.) The *Myrrha* was *Iſabella*, his eldeſt daughter †.

The fact was diſcovered by *Giorgio Vaſari* ‡, a painter, whom *Coſmo* had ap-

* "*Alexander de Medici* was ſuppoſed to be a natural ſon of the duke *d'Urbino*. (See the firſt note on letter xx.) He was murdered by his kinſman, *Lorenzo de Medici*, *January* 6, 1537. He died without children by his wife *Margaret* of *Auſtria*, natural daughter of the emperor *Charles* V. He was entitled only duke of *Tuſcany*. See his article in *Moreri* and other dictionaries."

† "*Coſmo* I. had two daughters. *Iſabella* was his eldeſt: the other was *Lucretia*, married to the duke of *Ferrara*, who was born in 1542."

‡ Born at *Arezzo* in *Tuſcany* in 1514, a diſciple of *Michael Angelo* and *Andrea del Sarto*, equally famous for his pen and pencil, and as eminent for his ſkill in architecture. His *Hiſtory of the Lives of the Painters* was firſt publiſhed at *Florence* in 1550, and in the opinion of *Annibal Caro*, is written with great veracity and judgment.

pointed

pointed to paint the walls and ceiling of the great hall. *Vaſari*, one day, had lain down on the ſcaffold to reſt himſelf after his labour; when, in the duſk of the evening, the great duke and his daughter, imagining no perſon in the room, came into the hall. They had precautiouſly locked the doors, but the witneſs of their inceſt was locked on the inſide. *Coſmo*, as he was returning, imagined he ſaw the ſcaffold ſtir. He was alarmed, and haſtened up the ladder, fully determined to ſtab the perſon whom he ſhould find. The painter, conſcious of his impending fate, appeared lying at full length and faſt aſleep; a preſence of mind equal to the ſleeping clerk in *Thurloe*'s office. The great duke and *Iſabella*, ſuppoſing the crime undiſcovered, immediately ſeparated, and went to their reſpective apartments. *Vaſari*, till he had finiſhed his work and quitted the *Tuſcan* territories, locked up his danger-

ous ſecret within his breaſt. As ſoon as he found himſelf at a diſtance, and in ſafety, he publiſhed it in all its blackeſt colours. During the interval of the commiſſion and the publication of the horrid fact, *Iſabella* was married to the duke of *Bracciano*, a ſmall duchy under the juriſdiction of the pope. The miſconduct of the dutcheſs, whoſe want of nuptial chaſtity began to be notorious, had already kindled the latent fire of jealouſy in the uneaſy mind of the duke her huſband. The painter's ſtory added fuel to the flame. *Bracciano*, under pretence of hunting, retired to one of his country-ſeats. The next day he ſent for his wife to come to him. The manner, in which the meſſage was ſent, had in it ſo myſterious and doubtful an appearance, from former circumſtances, that the female confidants of the dutcheſs adviſed her not to obey the ſummons. For ſome time ſhe heſitated. At laſt, overcoming

coming her ſuſpicions, ſhe went; and, in leſs than half an hour after her arrival, was ſtrangled. This happened in the year 1578*.

The

* *Thuanus*'s account of this cataſtrophe is as follows. "In this year [1578] a conſpiracy was detected at *Florence*, which defiled a principal family with two murders. *Leonora* of *Toledo*, daughter of *Garcias*, viceroy of *Naples*, who was married to *Peter*, brother to *Francis*, great-duke of *Tuſcany*, and *Iſabella* their ſiſter, the wife of *Paul-Jordano d' Orſini*, duke of *Bracciano*, being both deſerted by their huſbands, men of diſſolute and abandoned lives, were thought to have criminal connection with ſome of the nobles of that court. *Francis*, from that intercourſe, had a ſuſpicion, that the paramours had conſpired againſt him; therefore to remove his private dangers, leſt it might be neceſſary for him to imbrue his own hands with the blood of his relations, being deſirous to employ thoſe of others, he ſent for his brother and his brother-in-law, and gave them proofs of the adultery, allowing each of them full liberty to revenge their private injuries, and at the ſame time to free a moſt illuſtrious family from this ſcandal and diſgrace. Of this they readily availed

The works of *Giorgio Vaſari*, in the ceiling and on the ſides of the great hall at

themſelves, that the infamy of their own lives, of which they both were conſcious, might not be retorted upon them. *Leonora* therefore and *Iſabella* were both ſtrangled the ſame night, and it was reported that their deaths were owing to a quinſy contracted by eating too many muſhrooms. Their gallants were tortured and put to death. At the heinouſneſs of this fact, *Joan* of *Auſtria*, the wife of *Francis*, was ſo ſhocked, fearing that the like might be her own fate, though for a very different reaſon, as ſhe had long been appriſed of the frantic paſſion of her huſband for *Bianca Capello*, that through grief and anxiety ſhe expired with great pain in child-bed, the ſon, of whom ſhe was pregnant, being ſuffocated before ſhe could be delivered; which many conſidered as an evident inſtance of God's wrath, which ſoon revenged the death of the duke's ſtrangled ſiſters by depriving him of his ſon, the much deſired heir of his dominions, by the ſame kind of death, and alſo by the loſs of his wife, a moſt deſerving woman." See *Thuani Hiſtoria*, Lib. lxv. Sect. 20. among the *Variæ Lectiones*.

Iſabella de Medici is ſaid to have been a great patroneſs of *Socinus*, and, during her life, all the endea-

at *Florence*, are finely executed in freſco. The room itſelf is leſs than our wild hall at *Weſtminſter*, but of a much more pleaſing proportion; eſpecially as it is ornamented by painting and gilding in a moſt magnificent princely manner.

The *Old Palace* ſtands in a corner of a large irregular ſquare, in which are fixed many celebrated ſtatues, productions of the beſt modern hands. Moſt of them, particularly that of *David* and *Goliah**, are much injured, notwithſtanding the fineneſs of the weather. If marble ſtatues receive damage in *Italy*, what muſt they ſuffer in *England?* Yet we laugh at ourſelves for placing leaden figures in our gardens. Either place leaden figures there, or none.

I have ſeen the famous library of ma-

endeavours of the inquiſition to confiſcate his eſtate were ineffectual. See *Bayle's* dictionary, article *Socinus*.

* By *Michael Angelo*.

nuſcripts, *Libreria Laurenziana* †. It is a large, and I believe, a moſt rare and well choſen collection. The benefactors formerly have been many; of late years very few. The variety of bibles, at leaſt by their number, may be called valuable. I dare ſay, you have ſeen a copy of the *Virgil** in *England*. Here, you would ſee an original *Livy*, finely preſerved, and finely written. The proportion of the room ſtrikes every eye. It is the architecture of *Michael Angelo*. A modern *Italian* author, who has writ-

† This library belongs to the convent of St. *Laurence*, and was partly collected by *Lorenzo de Medici*; and partly by pope *Clement* VII. and the great-duke *Coſmo* I. It is ſaid to contain 14,800 manuſcripts.

* This, the moſt curious manuſcript in the library, is ſuppoſed to have been written in the fifth century. It wants the *Ille ego qui quondam*, &c. and the twenty-two lines in the 2d. *Æneid* which relate the interview of *Æneas* with *Helen*, and which, Mr. *Addiſon* thinks, were very judiciouſly expunged by *Tucca* and ~~*Norius*~~ *Varius*.

ten

ten an account of the library, ſpeaks of the room in theſe words, *è così nobile, e maeſtoſo, e di sì rara, e perfetta architettura, che lingua umana non ha lode baſtevole per commendarla**.

Here you have the ſtile of modern *Italy*. How different from the *Ciceronian*, or even the later ages of *Rome!* The *Italian* language ſeems adapted to flattery and high-flown thoughts. It has the honour to have ariſen out of the aſhes of the *Latin* tongue, which ſubſiſted, and was generally ſpoken in *Italy*, impure indeed, till the time of St. *Bernard*, and the emperor *Frederic Barbaroſſa*. After the twelfth century, it was entirely loſt in converſation, and remained only in public acts, and public prayers; and even in them, mixed, confounded, and ſcarce intelligible.

* "It is of ſuch noble, majeſtic, and perfect architecture, that human language has not praiſes ſufficient to commend it."

Towards the middle of the thirteenth century, ſuch baſe coin being of no currency, ſome ingenious men, particularly *Brunetti*, and afterwards his diſciple *Dantè*, the three *Villani*, and others, began to form a new language, a more ſweet-ſounding, ſofter kind of *Latin*, which they appropriated to the uſe and benefit of their own country. Towards the middle of the fourteenth century appeared *Petrarch*. The *Italians* juſtly call the fourteenth century, the "age of "purity," as their language flouriſhed very particularly in that æra. *Petrarch* was the *Waller* of his day.

In the fifteenth century the correctneſs and encouragement of *Greek* and *Latin* was revived throughout *Italy*, and eſpecially in *Florence*, under the influence of the houſe of *Medici*. The *Italian* language remained in equilibre till it was raiſed again by *Politianus* *, and farther encreaſed

* "*Angelus Politianus* was a native of *Tuſcany*, born

encreaſed in purity and ſimplicity by *Sannazarius**.

In the ſixteenth century appeared cardinal *Bembo*'s † remarks on the *Italian*

born 1474. He was a prieſt and a canon of *Florence*, preceptor to the children of *Lorenzo de Medici*. See in *Bayle*'s Dictionary a long and very particular account of him."

* "*Actius Syncerus Sannazarius* was a *Neapolitan*, born in 1458, a man of great wit and extenſive learning, famous by his *Latin* and *Italian* works. In a diſpute one day before *Frederic*, king of *Naples*, concerning what was beſt to improve the eye-ſight, "Nothing is ſo good for it," ſaid *Sannazarius*, "as envy, becauſe it makes all objects "appear greater." He was a great epigrammatiſt. One of his epigrams on the city of *Venice* is well known. He died in the year 1530."

† "Cardinal *Peter Bembo* was a *Venetian*, born in 1470, of a family particularly famous for men of letters and figure in the republic. He was ſecretary to *Leo* X. and was made a cardinal by *Paul* III. He died in 1547 by his horſe joſtling and bruiſing him againſt a wall. His *Latin* works, eſpecially his hiſtory of *Venice*, are much eſteemed for their purity.

language, a book at that time much applauded.

In the beginning of that century, an academy was eſtabliſhed in *Florence* for arts and ſciences, particularly for languages. In the year 1580, it had the authority of regular ſtatutes. It was begun, inſtituted, and patronized by the princes of the houſe of *Medici*. The dictionary *della Cruſca* ‡, a moſt perfect work in its kind, was forty years in compiling.

The *Italian* language lies under the imputation of weakneſs and effeminacy.

‡ The *Academia della Cruſca* have for their emblem, or device, a *Mill*: They take the title of *Cruſca*, or *Bran*, as profeſſing themſelves to ſeparate and clear the fine flower from it; that is, the uſeful and valuable from that which is not ſo; as there are ſome other academies in *Italy* which take their title from ſome defect or imperfection, which it is their endeavour to deliver themſelves from, and ſtudy its oppoſite; as *Otioſi*, *Oſcuri*, *Oſtinati*, &c. *Wright*.

On

On a thorough and candid inquiſition, it will be acknowledged ſoft, but ſtrong, gentle, but expreſſive; fit indeed for love and compliments. Too much of it has been applied in that ſtrain; but look into the hiſtorians, I mean thoſe of real worth, you will find nervous ſenſe, decorated with forcible words, and ſupported by judicious obſervations. For a moment let me play the part of a grammarian, and ſay, that the *diminutives* and *augmentatives* are to be envied by every *Engliſh* writer. The *gerunds* and *infinitive* moods, when turned, as frequently, into ſubſtantives, are ſufficient to wipe away all aſperſions of imbecillity. Whence then, you ſay, ariſe theſe ſuggeſtions? I believe, I can account for them.

They ariſe from a ſingular faſhion, deemed politeneſs, of ſpeaking to *men* in the *feminine* gender; a method, which, however eſtabliſhed by cuſtom, muſt always appear to ſtrangers, unnatural and abſurd. It is not ſufficient to baniſh the words

words *thou* and *thee* in the *ſecond* perſon, which are univerſally underſtood as vulgariſms, but *you* muſt be excluded, and the *third perſon feminine* introduced into the place. *Signore ella è malcreato*, would ſcarce be tranſlated by a novice in the language, "Sir, you are uncivil." It is difficult to gueſs from whence this odd piece of good-breeding and courtlineſs could ariſe. Surely not in complacence to the *Welch*, who in the very depth of blundering make uſe of *ſhe* and *her* inſtead of *he* and *him*; little imagining that they may be ſaid to draw their muddy water from the pure fountain of *La Cruſca*.

Before we ſhut our grammar, let us try a ſentence of *Florentine* elegance, in the rough plain *Engliſh* tongue. "Sir, "as I have the honour to ſpeak to *her*, "and as I find *ſhe* is general of our army, "I hope *ſhe* will permit me to aſk my "orders from *her*, as upon *her* courage, "ſtrength, and bravery depends the ſuc-"ceſs of the day." With full as much pro-

propriety the *Amazons* might have aſſumed the appellative *he*; and *Acca* might have mourned over her miſtreſs *Camilla*, by exclaiming, "Ah! *he* was a dear and ex-"cellent lady, nor would *he* have ex-"pired in my arms by any incident leſs "embarraſſing, than *his* petticoats being "in *his* way." The confuſion of ſexes muſt produce abſurdity and ſeeming weakneſs in any language whatever. Good night to you, and farewell to the year 1754!

CORKE.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

Florence, January 23d, 1755.

DEAR SIR,

I Reſolved to fix myſelf in *Italy* to hear muſic and to ſee paintings. How are human hopes fruſtrated! how is human foreſight deceived! Muſic there is, but drowned in the more powerful ſounds of *Chichiſbees*. Paintings there are, but ſome of the beſt of them hang in the dark. I have ſeen an opera: literally ſeen it; to hear it was impoſſible. The *Florentines* pay and repay viſits during the ſweeteſt ſongs. From the beginning to the end of the repreſentation, doors are opening, compliments are returning, and a variety of perſons of both ſexes are paſſing from box to box, and from ſide to ſide of the theatre. If any attention is raiſed, or even any look

look directed towards the ſtage, it is neither extorted by the action of the drama, nor by the voice of the ſinger. The dancers, the dancers only, command the ears and eyes of the audience. But what are theſe dancers? Such as we have ſeen of late years in *England*, and ſuch as we could wiſh not to have ſeen any where. No graceful attitude, no gentle alluring motions, no ſoft ſymptons of love; no ſhepherdeſſes ſkimming over the plain; no goddeſſes gliding through the air: the women hop, and the men jump, as high as they can. We come to behold the dance of giants; boiſterous, tempeſtuous trials of ſtrength; the fury, not the ſprightlineſs, of motion; the feats of robuſt pantomimes, and the dreadful diſtortion of legs and arms. Are theſe ſcenes ſights of pleaſure? Moſt certainly they are. *Bravi!* and *Braviſſimi!* reecho at every caper. Strange amuſement! Is this *Italy?* Look at the ſtage,

you

you will imagine it *Ruſſia*. Hear the orcheſtra—No, you cannot.

Think not, I intreat you, that what I ſay ariſes from a cenſorious diſpoſition, or from that low mean deſire of expoſing and deriding foreigners, only becauſe they were not born within the precincts of *Old England*. I have no ſuch prejudices; my reflections are merely the reſult of my ſenſes. I ſee, I hear, and then I candidly expreſs to you my thoughts; well knowing what great allowances are to be made for the cuſtoms and habits of every particular country; and how eagerly we criticiſe the imperfections of our neighbours, ſeeming abſolutely to forget that we have any of our own. The *Engliſh* averſion to foreigners is in oppoſition to reaſon, judgment, and politeneſs. Becauſe we are iſlanders, the happieſt circumſtance in ſome reſpects belonging to us; are our manners more refined, or are our cuſtoms nearer perfection, than the cuſtoms and manners of other people?

I fear

I fear the contrary. Our ſeparation from the continent gives us peculiarities, which other nations have not. It gives us that ſhyneſs, that obſtinate, ſilent, rude reſerve, which we practiſe towards ourſelves and all the reſt of the world. The ſneer, that proud, vain, cowardly ſneer, which ſupplies the want of wit, and diſcovers the abundance of ill-nature, is entirely and ſhamefully our own; ſo that, if we find faults in others, how many faults may others find in us? At leaſt, an equal, if not a ſuperior quantity. The *Italians*, by perverting pleaſures, or not enjoying them, do no more than the reſt of the human ſpecies. We ſhould all be eaſier, healthier, and happier, could we adapt ourſelves to thoſe things only, which are fitted for us, and for which we only are fit.

The opera laſts five hours: towards the latter end, it becomes a greater fatigue to the ſpectator than to the actor. Formerly the ladies ſupped in their boxes.

That cuſtom is entirely aboliſhed. The fumes of meat, added to the fumes of lamps and candles, muſt have been too ſuffocating. Their preſent cuſtom in ſummer, of refreſhments in ice, and in winter, of ſweetmeats, is much more eligible. The theatre is large, not an abſolute oval, but contracted at the end: by which means every box in the houſe is ſituated moſt advantageouſly for ſight. None but the lower ſet of people go into the pit. All the *Florentines* of rank have diſtinct boxes to themſelves.

I hinted to you, that ſome of the choiceſt pictures were in the dark. There are ſtrong examples of this in the palace *Pitti*, where, in the great apartment, crowded as it is with innumerable fine pieces, many of them are loſt for want of a proper degree of light. The rooms are ſpacious, ſeldom more than one window in a room, and an unequal quantity of wall on each ſide that window. Let me tell you the occaſion of this ſtrange

diſ-

diſproportion. *Luca Pitti*, a *Florentine* gentleman, more rich than wiſe, more envious than prudent, heard with great uneaſineſs the palace of the famous *Philippo Strozzi* * much commended and admired. It was the largeſt palace at that time in *Florence*. "It ſhall be ſo "no longer," exclaimed *Luca Pitti*; "I "will build a larger. The palace of "*Strozzi* ſhall be meaſured to ſtand "within my court. Every one of my "windows ſhall be as large as his por-

* *John Baptiſt Strozzi*, ſurnamed *Philip*, a conſtant enemy of the *Medici*, endeavouring with others, after the death of *Clement* VII. to deliver themſelves from the exorbitant power of *Alexander de Medici*, procured him to be aſſaſſinated in 1536. *Strozzi*, being afterwards defeated by *Coſmo* I. killed himſelf in priſon, in 1538, leaving behind him, on his chimney-piece, engraved by his dagger, this line in *Virgil*,

"*Exoriar aliquis noſtris ex oſſibus ultor!*"

Æn. iv. 625.

May ſome avenger from my aſhes riſe!

The palace of *Strozzi* is noticed by Sir *Henry Wotton*.

" tal." *Luca Pitti* verified his boaſt, but ruined his fortune. He built his palace, and he erected a moſt magnificent front on the outſide, magnificent, but heavy; truly *Tuſcan*, durable as the world itſelf. By which deſign, the great arch of each window is, on the outſide, noble: on the inſide, ſix parts in ſeven of it are bricked up to adapt the windows to the ſize of the rooms; nor are the chambers divided with the leaſt attention to regularity. On the contrary, a window is often in the corner of a room. The chimneys, few and ſmall as they are, have been placed ſtill more irregularly; very different from our modern *Engliſh* edifices; where falſe doors, and even falſe chimneys, appear anſwering each other, with an exactneſs, that is not borrowed from any houſe, that I have yet ſeen in *Italy*. Is not this then an improvement upon the *Italians?* The *Engliſh*, you know, are ſaid to be better improvers than inventors: but the truth is, the

Italians

Italians have deviated from the rules of *Palladio*; and the *Engliſh*, under the conduct of the late lord *Burlington*, have adhered to thoſe rules. When I ſay "the "*Italians* have deviated from *Palla*-"*dio*," I mean only in the inſide of their houſes, and perhaps more particularly in chimney-pieces, than in any other inſtances. But pray tell me, are not we apt to exceed in the ornaments of our chimneys? The moſt ſumptuous marble monuments in *Weſtminſter* abbey coſt little more than the modern receptacles of coals and faggots. We bold *Britons* ſeldom come near perfection without hurrying beyond it.

Coſmo I. whoſe riches and grandeur were boundleſs, bought the palace *Pitti*, which, from his time till the total extinction of his family, has been receiving additional ornaments of every kind that can be named. Behind the palace is a large garden, called *Boboli*, laid out in what is now deemed the old-faſhioned

taſte. I mean ſtatues, fountains, long ſtrait alleys, and clipt hedges, or at leaſt what were clipt hedges, the garden being at preſent in a deſolate, and almoſt a ruinous ſtate. Heretofore crowds of people have enlivened *Boboli*: of late it is totally deſerted. An amphitheatre of evergreens, formed and fitted exactly to the garden-front of the palace, has a charming effect, eſpecially at this dead time of the year: they riſe naturally, gradually, and in variety of pleaſing ſhades, one above another. They are abſolutely beyond the power of deſcription. On the top of one part of the garden is the great fort which defends the town. In another part a gentle aſcent leads to a banqueting-houſe, which commands a view of the whole city. The banqueting-houſe is the plaineſt building imaginable. Such an edifice would not be permitted to hold ſcythes or ſhovels, in the gardens of *Stow*, *Chiſwick*, or *Claremont*. I often walk amidſt the novelty

of

of this old taſte. Now and then I light on ſome of my own countrymen, but ſeldom or never meet a *Florentine*. They are too lazy and too tender to walk in cold weather, and too polite, or rather of too *chichiſbéan* a turn, to appear publicly without ladies.

The lower apartments, in the palace *Pitti*, which were only uſed during the heats of ſummer, are arched for coolneſs: ſo indeed they are in all the great houſes of *Italy*. The walls of a vaſt hall, and other pompous rooms of audience, are painted in freſco by the moſt eminent painters of the times. The hall, in particular, repreſents the perſon, and the moſt noted actions of *Lorenzo de Medici*, ſurnamed *the magnificent**, "the "gravity of whoſe life," ſays *Machiavel*, "if compared with its levity, muſt make "him appear a compoſition of two dif-"ferent perſons, each incompatible,

* Born 1448, died 1498.

" and, as it were, impoſſible to be joined " with the other." Paradoxical as this may ſeem, it is no uncommon character.

The great ſtair-caſe is not equal to the noble grandeur of thoſe rooms, to which it leads; and which are divided, on the right, and on the left hand, by the guard-chamber. Thoſe on the right, were poſſeſſed by the great-duke, *Coſmo* III. Thoſe on the left, by his eldeſt ſon, *Ferdinand*, great prince of *Tuſcany**, who died in the life-time of his father, a martyr to *Venus*; and a diſciple of the *Graces*. The ceilings of both theſe apartments are adorned by gilding, ſtucco, and paintings. The hand of *Pietro Berettini da Cortona* is much ſignalized: *più d'ogni altro s'immortalo*†! The pictures, vaſes, cabinets, bronzes, and other rarities, which the two apartments engroſs, are, I believe, innumerable, but certainly invaluable; eſpecially thoſe be-

* Born 1663, died 1713.

† More than any other, he immortaliſed himſelf.

long-

longing to prince *Ferdinand*, whoſe perſonal accompliſhments, and high taſte in the arts and ſciences, were remarkably excellent. The whole houſe is royal and ſplendid. One room, the bed-chamber of the late princeſs *Anna de Medici*, electreſs palatine*, only daughter of *Coſmo* III. has chairs, tables, ſtools, and ſcreens of ſolid ſilver; not ſo handſome, perhaps, as rich, ſingular, and extraordinary †.

I confeſs, when I gaze on ſuch profuſion of wealth, ſo judiciouſly collected, and ſo carefully placed, now lying in empty rooms, and ſpread over deſolated palaces, the ſight ſtrikes me rather with melancholy than pleaſure. The dutchy of *Tuſcany* and the city of *Florence* are of no more immediate conſequence to me than the province of *Tangut* ‡ or the me-

* Born 1667, died 1743.

† This palace is now the reſidence of the great-duke *Peter Leopold*.

‡ "A province in *Aſia*, of *Chineſe Tartary*."

tropolis of *Huquang*†, yet ſtill I muſt be grieved to behold a ſtate, that has once been glorious, once happy, once powerful, now mouldering away, panting its laſt, and ſinking into nothing.

Fuit Ilium, et ingens Gloria Teucrorum.

Arts and ſciences weep at the extinction of the houſe of *Medici*. The princes of that houſe were many of them learned; all of them encouragers of learning. "*Tuſcany* was to *Italy*," ſays monſieur *de Voltaire*, "what *Athens* was to *Greece*‡."

† The firſt in rank of the inland provinces of *China*. Its metropolis is *Vu-chang*.

‡ Thus alſo Mr. *Baretti*: "*Florence* was deſervedly celebrated for having been, during the whole xvith century, ſo eminent a ſeat of literature, as to be ſcarcely equalled by any other in *Europe*. *Florence* was in that century called the *Athens* of *Italy*." And again: "*Tuſcany* was the miſtreſs of politeneſs to *France*, as *France* has ſince been to all the weſtern world; and this little province may juſtly boaſt of having produced (and nearly at one time) a greater number of extraordinary men than perhaps any of the moſt extenſive *European* kingdoms."

What

What *Greece* is, *Tuſcany* poſſibly may be, perhaps *Italy*, perhaps *Europe*. The ball of empire may hereafter roll weſtward, and may ſtop in *America*; a world, unknown when *Greece* was in its meridian glory; a world, that may ſave the tears of ſome future *Alexander*.

I am, dear ſir,

moſt truly your's,

CORKE.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

Florence, January 31ſt, 1755.

THE news-papers, and every vehicle of information, talk to us of approaching war. They ſing, or rather croak, of *French* depredations in *North-America*. They call aloud for arms, juſtice, repriſals. I believe, I know your ſentiments, my dear friend, upon theſe tumultuous outcries.

Peace is your dear delight, not *Fleury's* more.

I own, I dread a war with *France*. My eyes have ſo lately beheld their ſtrength, their troops, and their fortreſſes, that the ſight alone has convinced me, how very diſadvantageouſly we muſt engage with a people ſo ſuperior to us in numbers, territories,

territories, and domeſtic union. In former letters *, I have hinted to you thoughts of this kind. I cannot avoid repeating them, not from cowardice, but conviction, not from the vapours of timidity, but the reſult of reaſon. The late lord *Orford* declared to me that he always had been, and was reſolved ever to be, againſt a war with *France*. "We are "not able," added he, "to cope with "them. They are too powerful for us, "and ſuch a war muſt end in a ſub-"miſſion to what terms they ſhall pleaſe "to impoſe upon us." The prediction was plain and intelligible. I remember, and I believe, the oracle †.

The *French* know their own ſuperiority, and they know our difficulties and delays at home, which always muſt have a

* See particularly Letter III.

† This oracle, however, like all others, has proved fallible: Lord *Orford* propheſied, and lord *Corke* wrote, before the laſt war.

baneful

baneful influence upon our operations abroad. I cannot avoid being well verſed in the true diſpoſition of many, perhaps not all, of our countrymen. They are raiſed to the height of heaven by the leaſt ſucceſs, and, like the timorous *Ovid* in his ſhip, they think themſelves ſinking to the depth of *Tartarus* on the leaſt appearance of adverſity.

Nature has not made war our province. She has ſtationed us for commerce entirely. We ſeem not yet to have diſcovered our natural ſituation. If we ever have, it was towards the latter end of queen *Anne's* wars. And what effect had the diſcovery? An impolitic peace, which has entailed upon us embarraſſments and dangers, that will ſcarce be ſurmounted in the eighteenth century*. Yet we ſtill remain a courageous,

* How much heavier is the burthen, how much greater is the embarraſſment, ſince this letter was written!

if not a warlike, people. All that we can do, I am certain, we ſhall do by the force of arms; but that all muſt be inferior to what the *French* will infallibly atchieve, in defiance of our utmoſt bravery.

The ridiculous notion that one *Engliſhman* can always beat three *Frenchmen*, is now lately indeed exploded, with many other abſurdities worſe than vulgar errors; I ſay, worſe, becauſe they were firſt propagated by knaves, and afterwards believed by fools, nor even quite rejected by wiſe men. The *French* are a very different people from their anceſtors the ancient *Gauls*, "who," *Florus* ſays, "were at the beginning of a battle "more than men, at the latter end leſs "than women*." I hope the preſent

* "*Sed experimento deprehenſum eſt, quippe ſicut primus impetus eis major quam virorum eſt, ita ſequens minor quam fœminarum. Lib.* ii. *cap.* 4. See the *variorum* notes on this paſſage."

Gauls

Gauls will not fulfil the firſt part of that character; I am ſure they will not the laſt.

It is more than probable, that the approaching war will not be confined within the liſts of combat at preſent marked out for *France* and *England* *. When the torch of *Bellona* is lighted up in any part of *Europe*, the flames of it are apt to kindle a general conflagration. I dread *Ucalegon* †. That we may not draw him towards us, as we are proverbially ſaid to draw the devil, by talking of him, let us take a ſhort turn or two in the gallery.

* This prediction was fatally accompliſhed. The conteſt which began in *America* ended in *Germany*, and the flames of war, which were lighted by *France* and *England*, extended to *Ruſſia*, *Spain*, *Portugal*, &c. "So complicated," ſays *Voltaire*, "are the political intereſts of the preſent time, "that a ſhot fired in *America* is a ſignal for ſetting "all *Europe* together by the ears."

† — — — — *Proximus ardet Ucalegon :*

Virg. Æn. ii. ver. 312.

My preſent deſire of walking in the gallery, is to examine particularly a buſt of *Alexander*, which ſtands in a corner to the right hand of the entrance. Mr. *Addiſon*, whoſe *Travels* are not the moſt ſhining and accurate part of his works, takes notice of this exquiſite piece of workmanſhip. His obſervation runs thus, "There is in the ſame gallery a "very beautiful buſt of *Alexander* the "great, caſting up his face to heaven, "with a noble air of grief or diſcontent-"edneſs in his looks. I have ſeen two "or three antique buſts of *Alexander* in "the ſame air and poſture, and am "apt to think the ſculptor had in his "thoughts the conqueror's weeping for "new worlds, or ſome other the like "circumſtance in his hiſtory*." I preſume

* Dr. *Smollett* deſcribes this head as "turn-"ed on one ſide, with an expreſſion of languiſh-"ment and anxiety in the countenance," and adds, "The virtuoſi are not agreed about the "cir-

ſume to ſay, there is an exceſs of ſorrow, and no other mark of "diſcontented-"neſs," in the countenance of *Alexander**. That he wept for new worlds to conquer, is an anecdote univerſally recorded. But that ſpecies of grief could neither be long nor violent. It was much the ſame as the grief of *Julius Cæſar*, who by a deep ſigh, when he beheld *Alexander*'s ſtatue in the temple of *Hercules* †, diſcovered himſelf ſorry and aſhamed, that he had not yet ſignalized his own character, at a time of life, when the ſon of *Philip* had ſubdued the world. Mr. *Addiſon*'s phraſe of "ſome other the like circum-

"circumſtance in which he is repreſented; whe-
"ther fainting with the loſs of blood which he
"ſuffered in his adventure at *Oxydrace*; or lan-
"guiſhing with the fever contracted by bathing
"in the *Cydnus*; or, finally, complaining to his
"father *Jove*, that there were no other worlds
"for him to conquer. *Letter* xxviii.

* Mr. *Richardſon* calls this ſtatue "*Alexander*
"*the Great dying.*" See his *Travels*, p. 47.

† See *Suetonius*, *Lib.* 1. *cap.* 7.

"ſtance

" ſtance in his hiſtory " is extremely vague and uncertain. I do not remember any " like circumſtance " in the hiſtory of *Alexander*. But there are circumſtances in which the *Macedonian* conqueror is repreſented by his biographers as labouring under the moſt violent emotions of ſorrow. Two very notorious. The murder of *Clitus* †, and the death of *Hepheſtion*. He killed *Clitus* in a furious guſt of rage. His grief for that raſh action is ſo fully deſcribed by *Q. Curtius*, that I am determined to extract ſuch parts of the account as ſeem to permit a great probability, that all the buſts of *Alexander* expreſſive of grief, are in memory, and indeed in honour, of ſo remarkable a contrition :

" *Haſtam ex corpore jacentis evulſam*
" *retorſit in ſemet ; jamque admoverat pec-*

† " *Clitus* had given great provocation to his royal maſter by vain indecent expreſſions. Both were deeply intoxicated with liquor. See *Q. Curtius, Lib.* viii. *Cap.* 1."

" *tori*; *quum advolant vigiles, et repug-*
" *nanti e manibus extorquent, adlevatumque*
" *in tabernaculum deferunt. Ille humi pro-*
" *ſtraverat corpus, gemitu ejulatuque miſe-*
" *rabili totâ perſonante regiâ. Laniare*
" *deinde os unguibus, et circumſtantes ro-*
" *gare, ne ſe tanto dedecori ſuperſtitem*
" *eſſe paterentur.* ——

" *Primâ deinde luce tabernaculo corpus,*
" *ſicut adhuc cruentum erat, juſſit inferri.*
" *Quo poſito ante ipſum, lacrymis obortis,*
" *hanc, inquit, nutrici meæ gratiam re-*
" *tuli.* * * * * *&c.*

" *Et cum finis lacrymis quereliſque non fie-*
" *ret*; *juſſu amicorum corpus ablatum eſt.*
" *Rex triduum jacuit incluſus*; *quem ut ar-*
" *migeri corporiſque cuſtodes ad moriendum*
" *obſtinatum eſſe cognoverunt*; *univerſi in*
" *tabernaculum irrumpunt, diuque precibus*
" *ipſorum reluctatum ægrè vicerunt, ut cibum*
" *caperet* *."

His

* *Lib.* viii. *Cap.* 2.

" The ſpear drawn from the body of the de-
ceaſed

His lamentations for the death of *Hepheſtion* * were great, but are never ceaſed he aimed at himſelf; and had now applied it to his boſom, when the centinels ran to him, and wreſting it by force from his hands, took up the body, and carried it into a tent. He had thrown himſelf proſtrate on the ground, the whole palace reſounding with his cries and groans. He then began to tear his face with his nails, and to intreat thoſe who ſtood by, not to ſuffer him to ſurvive ſo much diſgrace.

" Early in the morning, he ordered the body, bloody as it ſtill was, to be brought out of the tent. Which being placed before him, burſting into tears, " This," cried he, " is the return " that I have made to my nurſe, * * * * &c.

" And when there was no end of his tears and complaints, the body, by the direction of his friends, was removed. The king continued three days ſhut up. As ſoon as his eſquires and body-guards found that he was obſtinately bent on dying, they all ruſhed into the tent, and, long obdurate to their prayers, they with difficulty prevailed on him to take ſuſtenance."

* " Whom beyond the bounds of royal decorum *Alexander* long bewailed; erecting a tomb for him at the expence of twelve thouſand talents, and commanding him, after his death, to be worſhiped as a god." *Juſtin*, Lib. xii. Cap. 12.

mentioned to his honour †. I am inclined therefore to pronounce the melancholy *Alexander* in the *Florentine* gallery, a perſonal memorial of the raſh deſtruction of *Clitus*, and of the terrible effects of intemperance and midnight-hours. The head of the buſt is thrown back, a poſture naturally expreſſive of grief; the throat ſwelled, deſpair in all the muſcles of the face. Art cannot go higher in its progreſs, or marble more ſtrikingly exhibit ſorrow *.

I am, dear ſir, with great truth,

Your's,

CORKE.

† "On which occaſion, *Alexander*, oppreſſed with incredible grief, is ſaid to have been betrayed into many things unbecoming the majeſty of a king." *Q. Curtius*, Lib. x. Cap. 4.

* A buſt of *Alexander*, in bronze, equally excellent, and not unworthy the hand even of *Lyſippus*, is in the collection of *Thomas Barret*, Eſq; at *Lee*, near *Canterbury*.

LETTER XIV.

Florence, February 12th, 1755.

DEAR SIR,

I Imagine, you will be inquiſitive after the *Italian* weather *, and I have been reſident here long enough to form ſome judgment of the winter. It began late, but willing to repair loſt time, it has pinched *Tuſcany*, by a ſevere froſt, attended with moſt intenſe cold, from the middle of *December* till within this week. *Italy* has extremely the advantage of *England* in point of climate. No damps, no fogs, no vapours, no gloomy

* "The perſpiration in *Italy* (ſays a friend of "mine in one of his letters to me) as it has been "confirmed by exact and repeated experiments, "exceeds conſiderably that in theſe iſlands. It is "ſuperior to all other diſcharges, being $\frac{5}{8}$ of "the whole in *England* and *Ireland*."

ſuicide-weather, which never fails to render us miſerable and melancholy; and for which, *(eloquar an ſileam?)* our chief *panacea* is wine.

The ſun appears at noon conſtantly, and has as much influence in *Florence* at this time of the year, as he has in *London* in the celebrated month of *May*; but the froſt has been ſo powerful, that the Metropolitan of this city obtained, about a fortnight ago, a licence from the pope for the common people to eat eggs during the remainder of *Lent*, the froſt having conſumed all the garden-ſtuff. The *Italians* ſay, it is a harder winter than they have remembred many years.

" What art thou, Froſt? and whence
" are thy keen ſtores
" Deriv'd, thou ſecret all-invading
" power,
" Whom even th' illuſive fluid cannot fly *?"

* " From Mr. *Thompſon*'s *Seaſons*, and, I think, the beſt, at leaſt the boldeſt of them. *Winter.*"

Till the middle of *November*, we ſcarce wanted or deſired a fire. Since that time, ſcarce any fire has been ſufficient to warm us. Wood is the only fewel we can purchaſe. It is very dear; which accounts for the few chimneys that are to be found in this city. The *Italians* enjoy the ſun in ſuch perfection during three parts of the year, that, during the fourth, they ſcorn artificial heat, or at leaſt they make uſe of no more than what is contained in ſmall brazen ſtoves, that are portable.

I think I ought to add that the weather in *Tuſcany* is almoſt as uncertain as in *England*. Even the froſt has been interrupted twice or thrice by a ſudden thaw; but the difference of the change is much leſs noxious to the human body with them, than with us; and I muſt farther ſay, on this occaſion, that the *Italians* are either not melancholy, or ſo very grave, that the diſtinction is not perceptible.

The Carnival, which begins the day after

Chriſtmas-day, and laſts till *Aſh-wedneſday*, ended two days ago, *February* the 10th. With it, has ceaſed a ſtrange ſcene of *Italian* mirth and gaiety. I know not well how to deſcribe it; nor do I think it very material to deſcribe. I believe it the dregs of the ancient *Saturnalia*. Feaſts, balls, operas, comedies, reign, and roll by turns, throughout the whole licentious ſeaſon; but the chief joy conſiſts in the liberty of going maſked, of which the conſequences are ſo eaſily gueſſed, that they need no recital. At noon, during the three laſt days of the Carnival, there is a maſked aſſembly in the piazza under the gallery, where, for the ſpace of two hours, the higheſt nobility, and the loweſt mechanics, meet and joſtle each other, keeping all diſtinction and pride cloſely ſealed up under their maſks. Upon the whole, the public diverſions of the *Florentines* are either childiſh or inſipid, to a ſurpriſing degree*.

Do

* "Among other childiſh diverſions of the Carnival

Do not miſapprehend me in point of *Italian* gravity; it borders not on moroſeneſs, nor ſtupidity. It is a compoſure, to which the *French* are ſtrangers by nature, and the *Engliſh* by imitation. The *Italians* are by no means defective in a kind of hilarity peculiar to themſelves. The women appear much more lively than the men: their black eyes are very bright and piercing. Both ſexes are unanimouſly civil to ſtrangers, if you allow a perpetual flow of bows, curteſies, and ſmiles, to be branches, as they certainly are, of civility. All foreigners, even heretics, may live unmoleſted, and with tranquillity, in the ſtates of *Italy*, eſpecially in *Florence*.

Two former characteriſtics of the *Ita-*

Carnival is the *Befana*, which *Altieri*, in his dictionary, thus explains: *Fantoccio di cenci che la ſera dell' Epifania i fanciulli e le femine pongono alla fineſtre.*" A puppet, made of rags, which on the eve of the *Epiphany*, the women and children hang out at the windows.

lians

lians are entirely worn out; Cruelty and Jealouſy. The ſtiletto is ſheathed for ever. The poiſonous bowl is daſhed to pieces. The "ſuſpicious huſband" is totally unknown. Even religion excites no thirſt for blood: yet in point of jealouſy, I muſt ſay,

*Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim**.

Within theſe laſt two days, have begun penitence and abſtinence for the ſins of the Carnival. Now monkiſh ſeverity preſides. Now prieſtly power exerts itſelf, and calls forth its beſt allies, the pope, the devil, excommunication, and hell-firebrands. Some of my countrymen, curious to ſee popery in its utmoſt rigour, made an excurſion lately to *La Trappe*, no great diſtance from *Florence*, where reſide the moſt ſevere ſet of

* He ſhuns *Charybdis*; but on *Scylla* falls.
A monkiſh proverb.

monks

monks in the chriſtian church†. The account which theſe gentlemen have given me is much the ſame that I have formerly read. The higheſt diet of thoſe anchorets amounts not even to the luxurious delicacy of an egg. Their conſtant food is herbs and roots. Their drink is water. They wear no linen. They lie on ſtraw. They riſe at midnight. They ſpeak not to each other. They live in a continual ſtate of miſery. Yet they appear decently chearful, and particularly courteous and obliging to all ſtrangers. I am always ſtruck with amazement on reflecting how men could at firſt be brought to theſe kind of ſelf-puniſhments as the only means to obtain an inheritance in heaven; or how they can poſſibly imagine, that ſuch ſort of inſtitutions muſt be acceptable to that great and bountiful Being, who created the earth, and filled it with inhabitants,

† "They were invited to reſide in *Tuſcany* by *Coſmo* III. See *Les Memoires de Florence*, p. 60."

to

to be a mutual benefit and comfort to each other; *giving us rain from heaven, and fruitful ſeaſons, filling our hearts with food and gladneſs.*

The original of monaſtical orders is, as I remember, generally deduced from *Paul* of *Thebes*; whoſe ſolitary life reached one hundred and thirteen years, having paſſed ninety of them, from the age of twenty-three, praying in a deſert. He was born in the year of *Chriſt* 228, and he died, (as he had foretold to St. *Anthony*, who, by the inſpiration of a dream had diſcovered, and viſited him,) in the year 341. His diſciples of *La Trappe* make me recollect the *Selli*, whom *Homer* mentions as religious prieſts of *Jupiter*;

— — — — ἀμφὶ δὲ Σελλοὶ
Σοὶ ναίουσ' ὑποφῆται, ἀνιπτόποδες, χαμαιεῦναι*. *Iliad.* Π. *ver.* 234.

* Whoſe groves the *Selli*, race auſtere! ſurround,
Their feet unwaſh'd, their ſlumbers on the ground, *Pope.*

Paul

Paul of *Thebes* and his diſciples were of modern growth in compariſon of the monks of *Dodona*. You find, from the authority of *Homer*, how very early this particular mode of religion took place in the world. The Almighty has permitted himſelf to be worſhipped in ſo many various ways, that we may reſt aſſured, a remnant of all religions will be ſaved. I muſt go farther, and preſume to hope, that, in due time, that remnant may become the whole.

I have ſeen the famous mauſoleum of the ſeven late dukes of *Tuſcany* *. At preſent, their bodies lie in a little dark chapel belonging to the church of St. *Lorenzo*: but are, or rather were, intended to be removed to a much more noble adjoining repoſitory, adorned, as much of it as is compleated, with jaſper, agate, *lapis lazuli*, and various coloured

* Viz. *Coſmo* I. *Francis*, *Ferdinand* I. *Coſmo* II. *Ferdinand* II. *Coſmo* III. and *John Gaſton*. See their genealogy in the appendix. This mauſoleum was begun in the year 1604.

marbles;

marbles, clear and reflecting as looking-glaſs, and impenetrable to ſcratches by the ſharpeſt iron inſtrument. Mr. *Addiſon*, who was at *Florence* in the reign of *Coſmo* III. ſays, that "the houſe of *Medici* will probably be extinct, before their burial-place is finiſhed." His opinion is verified: they are extinct, and the burial-place is unfiniſhed. Whoever is determined to be perfectly ſecure, that a monument ſhall be built to his memory, ſhould follow the example of a certain *Italian* knight and doctor, whoſe diſtruſt of his heirs made him erect a monument to himſelf during his own life-time. He placed it in the cathedral-church of *Parma*. The epitaph is too curious not to recollect.

Jo. Martinus Mairacca,
I. V. Doctor et Eques, nolens diſcretioni
Hæredum ſtare, Vivus poſuit *.

* *Jo. Martin Mairacca,*
An honeſt man, doctor and knight,
Unwilling to abide by the diſcretion of his heirs,
Placed it in his life-time.

Throughout

Throughout *Florence* the thirſt of magnificence ſeems to have exceeded the power of execution. No public building is finiſhed. The cathedral [*Il Duomo*] has a wooden front, painted in ſuch a manner as to ſhew the intended deſign, if executed in marble *. Many of the other churches are ſtill farther from completion. This defect diminiſhes the beauty of the city, which otherwiſe would appear to exceſs: but with all its imperfections, it is juſtly called *Florence the fair* †.

I am, dear ſir,

ever your's,

CORKE.

* The dome (or cathedral) was thus adorned with painting inſtead of porphyry, at the marriage of prince *Ferdinand*, elder brother of *John Gaſton*, the laſt great-duke of the family of *Medici*.

† In like manner our author's great relation, Mr. *Robert Boyle*, who was at *Florence* in the year 1641, expreſſes his opinion of it as follows: "*Flo-*

"*rence*

" *rence* is a city, to which nature has not grudg-
" ed a pleaſing ſituation, and in which archi-
" tecture has been no niggard either of coſt or
" ſkill, but has ſo induſtriouſly and ſumptuouſly
" improved the advantages liberally conferred
" by nature, that both the ſeat and buildings
" of the town abundantly juſtify the title the
" *Italians* have given it of *Fair.*" *Mr.* Boyle's *Memoirs of his own life during his minority.*

While Mr. *Boyle* reſided in that city, the famous *Galileo*, whoſe new paradoxes he ſtudied, died within a league of it.

The reputation of Mr. *Boyle* was ſo well eſtabliſhed at *Florence* (as well as in *England)* in 1660, that Mr. *Robert Southwell* (afterwards knighted, and preſident of the Royal Society) wrote to him from that city, to inform him that the great-duke *(Ferdinand* II.) who was not only a patron of learning, but a maſter of it himſelf, was extremely deſirous of a correſpondence with him. *See* Boyle's *Works*, vol. v. p. 403, 404.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

Florence, February 27th, 1755.

AT length my old enemy has overtaken me in *Italy*. The gout, that hereditary legacy entailed upon me by my anceſtors, confines me to my bed. The truth is, I have felt ſome threats from it, during the greateſt part of the winter. Neither the way of life, nor the climate, agrees with me. The ſlow approaches of my diſtemper are always worſe than the diſtemper itſelf; as the apparatus is often worſe than the inciſion. The ſharp ſtings of gouty pains are more tolerable than the lingering teaſing complaints, which precede this invincible diſeaſe. The paroxyſm over, we ſeem to renew life again. We preſume, that we have taken a new leaſe, and with great joy cancel the old one;

but alas! the terms and clauſes grow leſs and leſs advantageous to the poor tenant. May you, my dear friend, deſcend the hill of life, and enter into the vale of eternity, by gentle and imperceptible degrees, without finding the leaſt ſtone, or bramble, in your way!

Impriſoned thus within the narrow limits of my curtains, I have no better amuſement, no ſurer incitement to patience, than what muſt ariſe from books. The few volumes, which I brought from *England*, I have long ſince read over and over. A ſpeculative mind is always in ſearch of novelty. With this view, I have deeply immerſed myſelf in the *Florentine* hiſtory; and, from time to time, have epitomiſed as much of it, as to me appears moſt remarkable *. As there

* This epitome of the revolutions of *Tuſcany*, in a ſeries of letters, of which twelve were finiſhed, which brought it down from the year 1215 to the birth of *Alexander*, afterwards duke of *Florence*, in 1510, (whom, by a quotation from *Scipio Ammirato*,

there are many anecdotes in the latter part of it, which the hiſtorians, either from prudence, or ſome other cauſe, have not inſerted, and as I have learned thoſe anecdotes from the converſation of ſuch *Florentines*, as are beſt verſed in the ſtory of their own country, I ſhall not ſcruple to recite to you certain facts, which, at leaſt, bear a great ſemblance to truth, and probably have been ſuppreſſed during the power and reigns of the *Medici*, for reaſons eaſily conjectured.

I have already ſuggeſted to you, perhaps not in a manner ſufficiently explicit, that, if you take a view of the princes of *Medici* in a group, you will feel reverence and reſpect at one part of the picture, and be ſtruck with amazement and horror at the remainder.

mirato, the author proved to be the illegitimate ſon of pope *Clement* VII.) not being completed in the manner his lordſhip intended, ſtill remains in manuſcript; though, unfiniſhed as it is, it would be a very acceptable preſent to the public.

To revere and honour them, you muſt conſider their generoſity, their benefactions to men of learning, their policy, and their ſcientific inſtitutions. To view them with horror and amazement, you need only liſten to the undoubted outrages of their private lives, by which you will be convinced, that few or none of the whole race were endued with the ſofter paſſions of the human ſoul. I wiſh that, in many of their group, their love was not luſt, their good-nature, oſtentation, their dignity, pride, and their ſenſe, cunning.

I have already told you a ſhocking ſtory of *Coſmo* I *. Let me mention another, of the ſame prince, if poſſible, ſtill more horrid.

Coſmo de' Medici, the ſon of *John de' Medici*, had two wives, *Leonora* of *Toledo*, and *Camilla Martelli* †. By the firſt,

* In Letter XI, p. 126.

† "This lady was a *Florentine*. She bore no children,

firſt, he had two daughters, and ſeveral ſons. His ſon *(John)* was, by the ſingular and extraordinary favour of pope *Pius* IV. created a cardinal in the year 1560, when he was only ſeventeen years of age. He was killed, in hunting, by his next brother *Garcias*, a youth, who had always diſcovered an untoward and barbarous diſpoſition. Whether the young cardinal was killed purpoſely, or by chance, remains uncertain. He was the favourite of the great-duke his father, who had obſerved in his ſecond ſon as great an inclination to wickedneſs, as in his eldeſt to piety. *Coſmo*'s anger on the occaſion was outrageous. He ordered *Garcias* never to appear before him: he poſitively accuſed him of wil-

children, at leaſt none that lived. See *Scip. Ammirato, Lib.* xxxv. *Ann.* 1570. *pag.* 550."

Thuanus, however, and *Moreri* both mention her having a daughter, *Virginia*, who married *Cæſar d'Eſte*, duke of *Modena*.

ful murder. He would hear no mitigating circumſtance or excuſe in his favour. In this wrathful diſpoſition the great-duke continued ſome months, till by the repeated intreaties of the grand-dutcheſs *Leonora*, he at laſt conſented, that his ſon might throw himſelf accidentally, as it were, at his feet.

The time choſen for this interview was on *Eaſter*-day, at the great-duke's return from church; the tender mother imagining, that, at ſuch a ſeaſon, all former reſentment muſt be buried, and paternal affection reſtored. *Garcias* preſented himſelf before his father in the manner intended; when, in a moment, without the leaſt heſitation, *Coſmo* drew a dagger, (which he had concealed on purpoſe,) and ſtabbed *Garcias* to the heart.

Reflect on every circumſtance, the time, the manner, and the object,—you will ſcarce remember ſo ſtrong an in-

ſtance of nature ſtarting from her courſe, and diveſting herſelf of every ſpark of humanity.

None of the *Italian* hiſtorians have dared to mention this horrible cataſtrophe*. I have ſeen the monuments of the two youths among the ducal family, in a ſmall burying-place within the ſacriſty of St. *Lorenzo*. What cannot power do, when it could conceal and efface ſo atrocious a murder?

The general character to be formed of *Coſmo* I. ſeems to be the ſame, as that given by lord *Clarendon* of *Oliver Cromwell*, "A great wicked man†." The parallel might ſtill be carried farther: he was courageous and ſucceſsful; he lived in bloody tempeſtuous times; he had ſkill, activity, and ſtrength, both of

* "I have read it in manuſcript, but it was ſhewn to me with the utmoſt caution, even now, when the houſe of *Medici* is no more."

† Lord *Clarendon*'s words are "a *brave* wicked "man."

body and mind, to buffet the ſtorms. His ſenſe, or rather his cunning, directed him when to yield properly, not timidly, to the fierceſt winds, that could blow. He put an end to the commonwealth. He wiſhed and endeavoured to be king of *Tuſcany*: finding that point impoſſible to be carried, he contented himſelf with the title of great-duke, which compriſed the regal power. Thus far the parallel holds. It will go no farther. *Coſmo* was learned and vicious: *Cromwell* was neither.

What faith can be given to hiſtorians *, when *Scipio Ammirato*, who carries

* "*Moreri* ſays, that "M. *de Thou* relates "this ſtory in the xxxiſt book of the *Hiſtory of* "*his own times*; but as it is not in the firſt edi- "tion of his work, and only in the edition of "*Geneva*, publiſhed after his death, many authors "have doubted the fact; and ſuppoſe that both "the brothers died of the plague, which was at "the time publickly aſſerted by the great-duke." See the Letters of M. *de Lanſac*, ambaſſador from *Charles*

ries down his hiſtory to the death of *Coſmo* I, gives an account of cardinal *John* and his brother *Garcias de Medici*, in the following manner.

" This year [1562] a domeſtic cala-
" mity afflicted the family of *Coſmo*, who
" had been kept long at *Sienna* ſettling
" the affairs of that ſtate, and afterwards
" had been engaged in deſigning a for-
" tification at *Groſſeto*, where the air is
" extremely unwholeſome. This poſſi-
" bly might be the occaſion, [*ò per che
" così alla divina bontà fuſſe piaciuto*] or
" becauſe it ſo pleaſed the divine good-
" neſs, that cardinal *John*, and after-
" wards *Garcias* his brother, notwith-

Charles IX. to the council of *Trent*, and *Moreri*, *Tome* vi. *p.* 242.

" The ſtory is told with many circumſtances and great formality by M. *de Thou*, who endeavours to juſtify *Coſmo* in murdering his ſon, " con-
" cealing," he ſays, " and revenging this do-
" meſtic wound with equal prudence and ſeveri-
" ty." See *Thuani Hiſtoria, Lib.* xxxii. *ſect.* 3."

" ſtanding

" ſtanding the utmoſt ſkill of their phyſi-
" cians, died, and occaſioned the death of
" their mother, who, having been long ill
" of a complaint in her ſtomach, was not
" able to ſupport this freſh affliction."

By killing his own ſon, *Coſmo* killed the mother of that ſon, his wife. What an agoniſing ſight muſt it be to her, to behold her child, whoſe forgiveneſs ſhe thought eſtabliſhed, weltering in his blood? that blood ſpilt by her huſband, his father; that father juſt returned from the altar! But what ſhall we ſay for *Ammirato*, who conceals one certain, and one ſuppoſed, murder, or places them to the account of divine impulſe? " It pleaſed the divine good-
" neſs," that a brother ſhould deſtroy a brother, and a father murder his ſon. To the ſame account, by this way of reaſoning, may be placed every wickedneſs that can be perpetrated. The hiſtorian cannot plead ignorance. He betrays his conſcious knowledge at the

end

end of his work, where, after ſumming up the praiſes of the grand-duke, perhaps not very much in too exalted a ſtrain, he concludes the character * by ſaying, that " if *Coſmo* had not ſullied " the brightneſs of his virtues by two " bad actions, the one of incontinence," [with his own daughter,] " the other of " cruelty," [the murder of his own ſon,] " very few of the moſt renowned prin- " ces of any age could have been com- " pared to him †.

Ill or well,

I muſt be always yours,

CORKE.

* " It is the laſt ſentence in his hiſtory."

† Thus alſo he is ſtiled by *Thuanus*, " A " prince endowed with ſingular accompliſhments, " natural and acquired, and in whom the great- " eſt proſperity united with ſingular prudence."

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

Florence, March 30th, 1755.

I Was determined not to write to you, till I could ſay, that I was again crawling up hill, and leaving my gout behind me. This day I have dined in our ſalon, and, by the help of two ſticks, I walked thither. By the time you receive this letter, conclude me dancing, or rather baſking in the ſun.

I am now, my dear friend, notwithſtanding my gout, travelling apace through the *Florentine* hiſtorians. In hiſtory, as in perſonal commerce with mankind, we cannot be too diffident of firſt impreſſions. They are apt to ſink deep, and are not eaſily eraſed.

There is no finiſhed hiſtory of *Florence*. I mean none that brings us to modern times,

times, or that goes through the ſeven reigns of the *Medici*.

Machiavel * commences very early. The ruin of the *Roman* empire, and the conſequences of it, fill his firſt book. In his ſecond book begins the hiſtory of *Tuſcany*. It is carried down, in the ſucceeding books, to the year 1492. By his addreſs to pope *Clement* VII †, he appears to have intended a longer work. The lower he had gone, the more partial he muſt have been, as he wrote under the eye and influence of the pope.

Varchi ‡, I think, confines himſelf to the hiſtory of his own times. I have

* "*Machiavel*'s hiſtory is in eight books, dedicated to pope *Clement* VII. "at whoſe command," he ſays, "he undertook it."

A new edition of all the works of *Machiavel* has lately been publiſhed by Mr. *Baretti*, in three volumes, quarto.

† Illegitimate ſon of *Julian de Medici*, who was killed by the *Pazzi*.

‡ "Of this hiſtorian there is a very full account in *Moreri*'s dictionary."

only

only uſed him as a dictionary to particular paſſages.

Segni * begins in 1527, and proceeds as far as the papal acceſſion of *Paul* IV. in the year 1555 †.

Scipio Ammirato, who in exactneſs exceeds them all, commences the thread of his narration in the very earlieſt times, and brings his readers from the ſeventeenth year of the chriſtian æra to the death of *Coſmo* the firſt great-duke of

* "The name of *Segni* does not occur in *Moreri*, *Bayle*, or *Collier*."

† Two other hiſtorians, both citizens of *Florence*, deſerve to be mentioned: 1. *Francis Guicciardini*, equally eminent as a general and a writer, who wrote the hiſtory of *Italy*, in twenty books, from 1494 to 1532, which has been tranſlated into ſix different languages. He died in 1540. His work was continued, in twenty-two books, by *John-Baptiſt Adriani*, his friend and fellow-citizen. 2. *Leonard Aretin*, chancellor of *Florence*, who wrote the hiſtory of his own times, and alſo that of *Florence* in particular; who may be conſidered as the great reviver of claſſical *Latin* in *Europe*. He died in 1444.

Tuſcany,

Tuſcany, which happened in the year 1574, in the 55th year of his age, of which he had reigned 38 ‡.

No later hiſtories of *Tuſcany* are extant *. Of the four hiſtorians whom I have mentioned, and to mention more to you would be to little purpoſe, *Machiavel* is the moſt tempting and the moſt dangerous. His ſpeeches are the ſpeeches of *Livy*; fit and proper for the perſon to ſpeak, who never ſpoke them. Give me leave, however, to ſend you one, which perhaps is genuine; at leaſt, it has captivated me ſo much, that I could not reſiſt the pleaſure of trying how it would appear in *Engliſh*. The occa-

‡ *Ammirato* was canon of *Florence*, and died there in 1603. "His works are in three vols. folio, the firſt and ſecond bound together, printed at *Florence*, 1647.

* "There is a later, but it is ſo wretched a performance, that it ought never to be named or called a hiſtory. It is a vaſt folio, printed at *Venice*, 1741, the compoſition of *Giuſeppe Bianchini*."

ſion

ſion of it is memorable. It is the ſpeech of *Lorenzo de Medici* to his fellow-citizens, on his eſcape from the *Pazzi* conſpiracy, in which his brother *Julian* was killed, in the cathedral, at the beginning of high maſs, on *Sunday*, *April* 26th, 1478 *.

" The

* See a note on Letter XI.

In another letter, which does not appear, lord *Corke*, deſcribing the cathedral of *Florence*, mentions this conſpiracy in the following manner:

" You will probably think of *Lorenzo de Medici*, whenever you enter the cathedral of *Florence*. The church appears like a vaſt gloomy vault, fit for aſſaſſinations and deeds of horror. Twinkling lamps glimmer, half-extinguiſhed, before the altar, and rather excite the ideas of a priſon than repreſent the glories of the houſe of prayer. You will behold ſpace without grandeur, magnificence without brightneſs, and ſplendor without light. The marble pavement is beautiful. Here and there a ſtatue demands obſervation. The cupola, which is octagonal, has a fine effect. The church itſelf is of a ſize to ſuit a larger city. The outſide is impannelled with various-coloured marble, expreſſive rather of neatneſs than of grandeur.

Many

" The events which have happened " leave me under a doubt, moſt noble " lords, and moſt magnificent citizens, " whether I ought at preſent to condole " or to rejoice with you. When I re- " flect indeed with how much treachery " I have been attacked and my brother " murdered, the part I am to aſſume is " ſorrow; my heart, my very ſoul, muſt " be abſorbed in affliction. But when I " conſider with how much alacrity, " with how much care, with how much " affection, and with what univerſal " concurrence, my brother has been " revenged, and myſelf defended, I " muſt neceſſarily feel in my own heart, " not only joy, but exultation and glory. " If I am taught by experience, that I " have more enemies than I could have

Many of the churches in *Florence* contain greater curioſities, while *Santa Reparata* remains for ever diſtinguiſhed as the ſpot where the *Pazzi* incompletely performed their bloody tragedy."

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Many

"The events which have happened "leave me under a doubt, moſt noble "lords, and moſt magnificent citizens, "whether I ought at preſent to condole "or to rejoice with you. When I re- "flect indeed with how much treachery "I have been attacked and my brother "murdered, the part I am to aſſume is "ſorrow; my heart, my very ſoul, muſt "be abſorbed in affliction. But when I "conſider with how much alacrity, "with how much care, with how much "affection, and with what univerſal "concurrence, my brother has been "revenged, and myſelf defended, I "muſt neceſſarily feel in my own heart, "not only joy, but exultation and glory. "If I am taught by experience, that I "have more enemies than I could have

Many of the churches in *Florence* contain greater curioſities, while *Santa Reparata* remains for ever diſtinguiſhed as the ſpot where the *Pazzi* incompletely performed their bloody tragedy."

" ſuppoſed, the ſame experience teaches
" me, that I have more zealous and
" more ardent friends than I could
" have imagined. I am to condole
" with you on the injuries done to
" others: I am to congratulate you, on
" your good offices and kind behaviour
" to me. But ſtill I am conſtrained
" to expreſs my grief, as the injuries
" which I and my brother have received
" have been extraordinary, unexampled,
" and undeſerved.

" Conſider, moſt honourable citizens,
" in what a ſituation we have been placed.
" We were not ſafe amidſt our friends,
" our relations*, nor even in the church
" itſelf. Thoſe, who think themſelves
" in immediate danger of death, never
" fail to apply to their friends and their
" relations for ſuccour. We found ours
" armed for our deſtruction. Thoſe,

* " The *Pazzi* and the *Medici* were related by inter-marriages."

" who

" who are under any public or private
" perſecution, fly for refuge to churches.
" In the place where others are defended,
" our family is to be deſtroyed. Where
" parricides and aſſaſſins are ſecure, the
" *Medici* find their murderers. But
" God, (who heretofore has been
" pleaſed never to abandon our houſe)
" has ſtill ſaved us, and has undertaken
" the defence of our cauſe.

" What injury have we ever done to
" any man, that can have excited ſo
" great a thirſt of revenge? We have
" given no offence even to thoſe, who
" have ſhewn themſelves ſo inveterately
" our enemies. If we had, they could
" not now have hurt us. If they attri-
" bute to us any public grievance, if
" that be their pretence, (I know not
" that it is) the offence which they have
" taken is againſt you, not againſt us.
" It is againſt this palace, againſt this go-
" vernment, not againſt our family. To
" think that your citizens are injured in

" our favour, is far from truth. If you " would have ſuffered it, we would not " have done it.

" But whoever will thoroughly exa- " mine the truth of facts will find, that " our family has been raiſed by you, " for acts of humanity, liberality, and " generoſity. Is it poſſible then that " we, who have honoured ſtrangers, " ſhould injure our own relations?

" If theſe tumults have been raiſed " from a thirſt of dominion (and that " they have been ſo, the ſeizure of the " palace, and the armed men in the pi- " azza, are a demonſtration) ſo black, " ſo ambitious, and ſo vile an intention, " need only be ſeen to be deteſted.

" If they have done this from a mo- " tive of hatred to our authority, they " offend not us: they offend you, who " have given us that authority. An au- " thority uſurped ought indeed to be " held in deteſtation; not an autho- " rity, which has been acquired by acts

" of

" of humanity, and munificence. It is
" well known to you all, that our fami-
" ly never roſe to any degree of gran-
" deur, unleſs ſummoned to it by this
" palace, and your united voices.

" My grand-father *Coſmo* * returned
" not from exile by arms or violence;
" he returned by your conſent. My
" father †, old and infirm, could not be
" ſaid to defend the ſtate againſt its nu-
" merous enemies, but you yourſelves,
" by your authority and your benevo-
" lence, defended it. Nor, after the
" death of my father, could I (being at
" that time only a child ‡) have main-
" tained the authority of our houſe, but

* " *Coſmo de Medici*, who was ſurnamed *Pater Patriæ*, was exiled, and retired to *Venice*, in the year 1433. He and his relations returned to *Florence* in 1434. He died in 1464, aged 75."

† " *Peter de Medici*, his ſon, was born in 1416, and died in 1472. He was gonfalonier in 1460."

‡ *Lorenzo* was at that time 24 years of age, he being born in 1448, and his father dying in 1472.

" by your counſels and your favour.
" Nor could our houſe ever have go-
" verned the ſtate, if you had not join-
" ed us in directing and governing it.

" I cannot ſee therefore any motive
" they have to hate, or any juſt cauſe
" to envy us. Let them carry their ha-
" tred againſt their own anceſtors, who
" by pride and avarice, have loſt that
" high reputation, which our anceſtors
" knew wiſely by contrary methods to
" maintain.

" But let us ſuppoſe, that the injuries
" which they have received from us
" have been great, and that their deſire
" of our ruin was juſt: wherefore have
" they come with offenſive weapons
" to this palace? Why have they
" made a league with the pope* and
" the † king of *Naples* againſt the liberty
" of this republic? Why have they
" infringed upon the long peace of *Italy*?

* *Sixtus* IV. † *Ferdinand* II.

" For

" For this they have no excuſe. Let
" them injure thoſe only, from whom
" they have received injuries; but let
" them not blend private enmities and
" public offences. It is from hence
" that our misfortunes are augmented,
" becauſe the pope and the king of *Na-*
" *ples* are coming hither armed, and
" affirm that they wage war againſt me
" and my family. Would to God, it
" were true! the remedy would not
" only be immediate, but certain; for I
" am not ſo bad a citizen, as to regard
" my own ſafety more than your ſecu-
" rity. No, I would moſt willingly pre-
" vent your ruin by my own.

" The powerful never fail to gloſs the
" wrongs which they have perpetrated
" by ſome ſpecious pretext. This is the
" method they have taken to cover their
" moſt diſhonourable actions.

" Nevertheleſs, ſhould you be of an-
" other opinion, I am entirely at your
" diſpoſal; behold me here ready to be

" directed, or deſerted, by you. You " are my fathers, you are my defenders. " Whatever you command, I ſhall moſt " chearfully obey. Nor will I refuſe, " if you deſire it, to terminate by my " own blood, a war thus begun by the " blood of my brother *."

Here you ſee the power and eloquence of *Machiavel*. He was a man of great ſtrength of body and mind. As an inſtance of the firſt, we are told, that he underwent the torture of *the Queſtion* †,

* " This ſpeech," ſay the writers of the *Univerſal Modern Hiſtory*, " if it has not been em- " belliſhed by *Machiavel*, ſhews *Lorenzo* to have " been one of the greateſt orators that ever lived." It is inſerted, together with a full account of the conſpiracy, in *Machiavel*'s eighth book.

† He was put to the torture by the *Medici*, on a ſuſpicion of his being an accomplice in the machinations of the *Soderini* againſt their houſe. He bore it without confeſſing any thing. To pacify him, the *Medici* procured for him the poſt of hiſtoriographer. See *Moreri*. " He was unſteady and unfaithful, being void of all religion."

and

and lived many years after it. His works are inſtances of the latter, but they are, at the ſame time, examples of his want of truth, exactneſs, and religion. All hiſtorians are naturally biaſſed, but to be purpoſely biaſſed is unpardonable. I believe, the opinion which *Ammirato* entertains of *Machiavel*, and the criticiſm which he paſſes on his works, are juſt. They are to this purpoſe, "He "[*Machiavel*] miſtakes years, changes "names, alters facts, confounds cauſes, "increaſes, joins, deprives, diminiſhes, "and ſets down all that comes into his "fancy,—without any regard to the "laws of conduct and moderation; and "what appears ſtill more diſagreeable, is, "that, in many places, he writes art-"fully, either becauſe he chuſes to err, "or becauſe he does not know, that "affairs have been tranſacted in a dif-"ferent manner, or that his writings "may appear more beautiful and leſs

"dry,

" dry, than they would have done, if " he had adhered to time and facts, or " if he had not accommodated facts to " the ſtyle, and not the ſtyle to facts *." I ſend you this, as counter-poiſon againſt *Machiavel*'s golden pills. He lived as far in the ſixteenth century as the year 1530. He was by birth a *Florentine*, much encouraged, if not truſted, by the houſe of *Medici*; who procured for him conſiderable employments in the ſtate; but to no purpoſe; his blaſphemous † and immoral behaviour ruined him. He died in great indigence; and, with all moral men, in great contempt. No genius, no abilities, how great ſoever, will ſupport a man againſt his God, who inſpired that genius, and gave thoſe abilities.

* " This criticiſm on *Machiavel* is in the xxiiid book of *Scipio Ammirato*, under the year 1466."

† " It is ſaid, by *Binet* and others, that he died blaſpheming."

The

The *Florentine* hiſtory of *Benedetto Varchi* *, who was himſelf a *Florentine*, is contained in ſixteen books. It is indeed the hiſtory of the houſe of *Medici*. His writings are many and unequal. Thoſe towards the latter end of his life, are inferior to his earlier works. He died, at the age of ſixty-three, in the year 1566.

The hiſtory written by *Bernardo Segni* † is more eſtimable than famous. The time which it compriſes, is a ſhort period; but the apparent veracity of the author is much to his honour. He was

* "See his article in *Moreri*."

† "He was the ſon of *Lorenzo Segni*, and was lineally deſcended from —— *Segni*, who was chancellor of the *Florentine* republic in the year 1287. His mother was *Ginevra*, daughter of *Piero*, and ſiſter of *Nicolo Capponi*. See *Notizie intorno alla vita di B. Segni*, placed before his hiſtory. Preſixed to it is a kind of compariſon between him and *Varchi*, in an anonymous addreſs to the reader."

a native of *Florence*. By his mother he was nearly allied to the family of *Capponi*. This alliance gave him great advantages in compoſing his hiſtory; his uncle *Nicolo Capponi*, whoſe life he has written, having been gonfalonier of the republic in the years 1527 and 1528. From the year 1513, *Bernardo* was employed in many negociations and magiſtracies, in all which, as in every part of life, he is ſaid to have behaved himſelf with integrity and candour; virtues undoubtedly calculated to form an hiſtorian.

Scipio Ammirato, a *Neapolitan*, but of a *Florentine* family, is more diffuſe than *Varchi*, or *Segni*, and much more faithful and exact than *Machiavel*. His hiſtory conſiſts of thirty-five books. He has judiciouſly ſtopped at the death of the firſt great-duke of *Tuſcany*, for reaſons, which I muſt defer to my next letter. I will not, I ought not, to extend this

this any farther, than to aſſure you, that I yield to none of your friends, in affection to you, and your very worthy ſon; to whom I write, jointly as to yourſelf, ſuch ſpeculations, as occur, by reading or obſervation, to

Your own,

CORKE.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

Florence, April 13th, 1755.

DEAR SIR,

I Am upon the wing towards a little country-houſe which we have taken within two miles of *Florence*, in one of the pleaſanteſt, among the many charming, ſituations which the environs of this city afford: but leſt the pleaſures of a new ſcene may make me delay the promiſe of my laſt, I am determined to perform it this inſtant, being deſtined to-morrow to commence *Italian* country-gentleman.

The prudence of *Ammirato* ‡ is very

‡ "*Moreri* ſays, "He had already retired to "*Florence*, where, not to mention a canonry "that was procured for him, he found himſelf "detained by the favours of the great-duke."

apparent,

apparent, in not carrying on his hiſtory farther than he has done. He compoſed it, at leaſt he finiſhed it, in the reign of *Ferdinand* I. a jealous prince, of great acuteneſs and penetration, who knew how to reward and puniſh, and who would have been inexorable at any praiſes beſtowed upon his brother *Francis*, or any true account given of his ſudden death. It is that cataſtrophe, which I will take permiſſion to relate to you, as it is not to be found in any printed hiſtorian.

Francis, the eldeſt ſurviving ſon of *Coſmo* I. ſucceeded his father in the dukedom of *Tuſcany* in 1574. He had two wives, the firſt was *Joan* of *Auſtria*, daughter of the emperor *Ferdinand* I. conſequently niece of the illuſtrious *Charles* V. His ſecond wife was *Bianca Capello*, widow of a perſon of mean birth, whoſe name was *Buonſignori* *.

* "I never could learn his chriſtian name." The authors of the *Modern Hiſtory* ſtyle him "a "gentleman of the houſe of *Salviati*."

The

The great-duke had only two daughters, no ſons, by his firſt wife. His eldeſt daughter was *Leonora*, married to *Vincent*, duke of *Mantua*; his youngeſt was the famous *Mary de' Medici*, wife of *Henry* IV. and mother of *Lewis* XIII.

Bianca Capello was a *Venetian* lady, not of a noble, rather of a low *, extraction. The great-duke had ſeen her in his travels. He was enamoured of her beauty, and captivated by her behaviour. He invited her and her huſband to his capital. They accepted the invitation, and ſettled in *Florence*. They appeared at the court of *Francis*, whoſe amorous inclinations increaſed every time he ſaw *Bianca*. He hoped, and imagined, that he might purchaſe her of her huſband. He loaded him with preſents and with honours. On the other

* "Comparatively ſpeaking, *Bianca* was a citizen. The *Venetians* have only nobles and citizens."

hand,

hand, he ſolicited the wife not only by preſents and blandiſhments, but almoſt by violence. His attempts and ſtratagems were many and various; but every ſtratagem, and every attempt was ineffectual: her virtue was impregnable.

In the mean time, her huſband, unuſed to the gifts of fortune, and giddy with unexpected honours and acquiſitions, grew inſolent, rude, and arrogant to the *Florentine* nobility. Complaints were made to the great-duke of the outrages, vanity, and haughtineſs of this petulant intruder. "Since he is grown "intolerable," anſwered *Francis*, "why "does he not receive the puniſhment "he deſerves*?" The hint was ſufficient; and the next evening, as he was paſſing along, *Buonſignori* was ſtabbed, and left dead upon *Il Ponte à ſanta Trinita.*

* "In the ſame ſtyle, and with the ſame effect, as our king *Henry* II. ſpoke of *Thomas* of *Canterbury*."

Bianca, in a few days, came forth in the melancholy pomp of mourning, and threw herſelf at the great-duke's feet, to implore juſtice on her huſband's murderers. "The beſt juſtice I can grant "you," ſaid the great-duke, "is to "marry you myſelf †."

"What a falling off was here!"—From a match with an emperor's daughter, to nuptials with *Buonſignori*'s widow! All *Tuſcany* was offended at it. None looked upon the alliance with a more diſdainful eye, than cardinal *Ferdinand* ‡, the

† *Thuanus* mentions her being "adopted, on this occaſion, by the ſenate of *Venice*;" which the *Modern Hiſtory* explains by ſaying that "when "the grand-duke declared his intention of mar-"rying her, the ſenate, out of regard to her fa-"ther's family, declared her the daughter of "their republic, and made her a preſent of a "ducal crown." vol. xiii. p. 539.

‡ "He was created a cardinal, when very young, in his father's life-time, probably againſt his own inclination.—*Verſo il fine del primo meſe della*

the great-duke's only brother. He ſaw the honour of the houſe of *Medici* injured, and the dignity of their pride offended, by ſuch a marriage. To behold *Bianca Capello* raiſed to the high ſtation of great-dutcheſs of *Tuſcany*, was to him as odious an incident as could happen. His rage, which at firſt was ſmothered in ſilence, at length broke out into fury. He frequently treated her with rudeneſs and diſreſpect. The acrimony encreaſed on both ſides. Their hatred became mutual. They wiſhed each other dead, and they lived in times to accompliſh their wiſhes. The art of poiſoning was then a ſcience, in which the greateſt and the meaneſt of the *Italians* were perfectly well verſed. The great-dutcheſs, according to the manuſcript account which I have read, put poiſon into a ſort of tart, of

della anno 1563, *non avendo anche i ſedeci anni della ſua età finiti, il promoſſe al Cardinalato.* See *Ammirato, Lib.* XXXV. *p.* 534."

which ſhe had obſerved the cardinal particularly fond. She invited him, being then ſeemingly reconciled, to breakfaſt one morning, before he was to go out on a hunting-party with his brother. She placed his favourite diſh before him. *Ferdinand* either ſuſpected, or had ſecretly diſcovered, her deſign. He declined taſting the tart. The great-dutcheſs ſtill continued to preſs him with ſome degree of earneſtneſs. The more ſhe preſſed, the more he excuſed himſelf. "He had eaten enough: he wiſh-"ed the duke and dutcheſs would taſte "it; he was ſure it was good; but, "for his own part, he could not poſſibly "eat any more." *Francis*, hearing the tart ſo much commended, ate of it plentifully. *Bianca*, ſeeing her plot take a wrong turn, and well knowing the conſequences that muſt enſue, if ſhe ſurvived her huſband, ate up the remainder. The poiſon ſoon began to take effect. Convulſions ſeized the great-duke and dutcheſs,

dutcheſs, and they were carried immediately into an adjoining bed-chamber, and placed together on the ſame bed, where they ſoon expired in the utmoſt agonies. Then the doors, which had been kept ſhut, were thrown open. All perſons were permitted to come in, and behold them lying dead, and, like true lovers, claſped in each other's arms.

The ſcene of this diſmal tranſaction was *Poggio à Caiano*, a country-ſeat belonging to the great-dukes of *Tuſcany* *. The bed-chamber, where *Francis* and *Bianca* breathed their laſt, is ſhewn to all ſtrangers. It is dark and diſmal; a fit receptacle for murdered bodies! The ſight of it, by the idea of the cataſtrophe, ſtruck us with horror. All the other parts of the houſe are not only magnificent, but chearful, and moſt

* In the mid-way between *Florence* and *Piſtoia*. The foundation of it was laid by pope *Leo* X.

royally furniſhed. The ſituation is particularly fine.

Francis was buried with the utmoſt funeral magnificence in the chapel of *St. Lorenzo*. *Bianca*, the unfortunate *Bianca*, was carried openly upon mens ſhoulders, and thrown, ſcarce with decency, into a deep cavern at the bottom of the church, allotted as a burial-place for the meaneſt and the vileſt of the people.

You will be ſurpriſed that I call her "unfortunate," when I have given you an account, which makes her guilty of murder. That account, though the only one extant, is undoubtedly falſe. *Bianca* was innocent. The death of her and of her huſband was contrived and perpetrated by the cardinal. He poiſoned the tart, and they ate of it*. To clear

* *Thuanus* ſays, "The great-duke *Francis* "dying ſuddenly on the 9th of *October*, 1587, "his

clear himſelf to the world, he invented the ſtory, which I have recited; by which means he concealed his wickedneſs, and ſaved his honour. If he had been aſked, "why were the doors locked, and no perſon admitted to aſſiſt a brother and ſiſter in their laſt moments?" he muſt have anſwered, (had he told the truth) that he apprehended leſt in their laſt convulſive pangs, they might have been able to utter words ſufficient to make the ſtrongeſt appearances, if not an abſolute diſcovery, of the murder. Again he dreaded, leſt they might have received ſuch aſſiſtance from proper medicines and applications, as might have prolonged, perhaps totally reſtored, their lives.

It is ſcarce poſſible to ſuppoſe, that *Bianca* ſhould ſuffer her huſband, by

"his wife *Bianca* followed her huſband within "five hours; her death being haſtened either by "fate or by grief." *Lib.* lxxxviii. *ſect.* 3.

whoſe life ſhe held her exaltation and happineſs, to eat indiſcriminately of a poiſoned tart; but it may eaſily be imagined, that the next heir to the dukedom ſhould be impatient to get rid of a brother, whom he ſcarce loved (fraternal affection was little known in that family) and a ſiſter-in-law, whom he deſpiſed and deteſted. By the death of *Francis*, the ambitious *Ferdinand* gained all the acquiſitions he could deſire: an exalted ſtation, great riches, and immediate freedom from an eccleſiaſtical life. By the death of *Bianca*, he gained, what is unſpeakably acceptable to a proud mind, REVENGE. Pride was the conſtant characteriſtic of the houſe of *Medici*. Whilſt the cardinal lived, and indeed whilſt any of his ſucceſſors remained in poſſeſſion of the dutchy of *Tuſcany*, the name of *Bianca Capello* was never mentioned *, not even in common diſcourſe.

Two

* "As an inſtance of this, ſee that late wretched

Two ends were anſwered by this conduct; the dignity of the family was preſerved ſacred, and the particulars of the murder, by not being diſcuſſed, had a chance of being forgotten for ever.

Some pictures are ſtill to be found in *Florence* of *Bianca Capello*, by which ſhe appears, for now ſhe may appear, extremely handſome: and ſurely the virtuous reſiſtance which ſhe maintained, againſt the diverſified, and repeated attempts of *Francis*, at that time her ſovereign, entitled her to a better fate.

I am, dear ſir,
entirely your's,
CORKE.

wretched writer *Guiſeppe Bianchini*, whoſe account of the death of *Francis* is as follows: *Morì' il gran duca Franceſco nel meſe d' Ottobre del anno* 1587, *ſenza aver laſciato di ſe, e della gran ducheſſa, Giovanna d' Auſtria, alcuno filiulo maſchio.* "The "great duke *Francis* died in the month of *Octo-* "*ber* of the year 1587, without leaving, by the "great dutcheſs, *Joan* of *Auſtria*, any ſon."

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

Marignolle, May 1ſt, 1755.

DEAR SIR,

YOU ſee by my date, that I am ſettled in my country-houſe. This is a great holiday in *Tuſcany*, the feaſt of St. *Philip*. There are vaſt rejoicings in *Florence*. Methinks I had rather ſee the chimney-ſweeper's garland at *Charing-Croſs*. I laugh at myſelf for ſighing after my native country. I endeavour to conquer my prejudices by reaſon: all in vain!

——— *hæret lateri lethalis arundo* *.

Whilſt I remain here, that my hours

* *Æn.* iv. ver. 73.

— — — — the fatal dart
Sticks in my ſide, and rankles in my heart.

may not be totally unprofitable, and that I may render my correſpondence in ſome meaſure worthy of your attention, ſuffer me, from time to time, to make additions to the accounts, which I have already ſent you, of the ſtate, the metropolis, and the people: but remember that I neither aim at the exactneſs of the hiſtorian, nor the minuteneſs of the biographer. Compoſitions of that kind demand another form. Yet to me the difficulty ſeems diſagreeably great to write by rule, or to preclude myſelf from that eaſe and familiarity, which conſtantly flow in an epiſtolary intercourſe from one friend to another; and though I think I have materials ſufficient to ſend you a regular account of *Florence*, from the intereſting æra of its deſtiny*, yet I ſhall ſcarce

* "Viz. from the beginning of the xiiith century, the year 1215," when the imprudent marriage of ſignor *Buondelmonte*, occaſioned the firſt diviſion in *Florence*. See the firſt note on Letter XV.

ever

ever be tempted to place thoſe materials in any digeſted method, or order.

I am always delighted with dipping into hiſtory. Each country affords a characteriſtical diſtinction in the manners of its inhabitants, and a kind of philoſophical improvement in the variety of its events. The virulence of party appears every where, but not in the ſame ſhape. The change of dreſs in the goddeſs of diſcord ſtill furniſhes freſh ſcope for ſpeculation; and ſtill, in my opinion, renders privacy and retirement, the moſt eligible ſtate of life, that can be purſued. *Suave mari magno*, &c. ſings *Lucretius*, and we all join in the ſong. What is it then that excites any man to quit the ſhore, and voluntarily plunge into the deep? "*Though the waters thereof rage* "*and ſwell, and though the mountains* "*ſhake at the tempeſt of the ſame* †. It

† "Pſalm xlvi. 3. See the whole pſalm, which is poetically nervous."

ſometimes

ſometimes proceeds from the irreſiſtible love of our country; more frequently from a factious diſpoſition; but much more frequently ſtill from a thirſt of power, opulence, and fame. There are ſo many examples of every one of theſe motives, that they abound in the ſhorteſt hiſtorical accounts of every dominion, be it principality or republic, be it larger or leſs. To name ſuch as happen this moment to occur to me, *Lucca* has had her *Caſtruccio Caſtraccani* *; the *Netherlands* have had their counts *Egmont*, and *Horne* †; *Ireland* has had her *O'Neils*

* A foundling, who became one of the greateſt generals in the xivth century, making himſelf maſter of *Lucca*, *Piſtoia*, and many other towns. He died in 1326. "See his life written by *Machiavel*, but do not depend on the veracity of that hiſtorian. It is an entertaining, not an exact, piece of biography."

† *L'Amorat*, count of *Egmont*, and *Philip de Montmorenci*, count *Horne*, were the two chief oppoſers of the tyranny of *Philip* II. and the eſtabliſhment

O'Neils ‡ and *Tyrones* ‖; and to come nearer to the preſent times, few years are paſt, ſince we have ſeen *Theodore de Neuholff*, acknowledged king of *Corſica*. Unfortunate *Theodore!* His majeſty, I hear, is at this day a cloſe priſoner for debt, in the king's bench priſon of our metropolis *. Let him write on the

bliſhment of the inquiſition in the *Netherlands*, for which being apprehended by the duke of *Alva*, they were both publickly beheaded at *Bruſſels* in 1567. See *Thuanus*, *Strada*, &c.

‡ *Shan O'Neil*, called by the *Iriſh* the great *O'Neil*, who aſſumed the title of king of *Ulſter*, a rebel in *Ireland* in 1560 and 1567.

‖ *Hugh* earl of *Tyrone*, nephew of the former, a rebel alſo againſt the *Engliſh* government in *Ireland* in 1599.

* He died *December* 11, 1756, in an obſcure lodging in *Chapel-Street*, *Soho*, immediately after his enlargement from that priſon, by the benefit of the act of inſolvency, in conſequence of which he regiſtered his kingdom of *Corſica* for the uſe of his creditors, as is mentioned on a marble erected to his memory in St. *Anne*'s church-yard. See " a humorous but true account

the walls of his royal bed-chamber theſe lines of an anonymous author :

> Ambition is a weed, that's always found
> To ſpread the fartheſt in the richeſt ground:
> Fair to the eye the fragrant bloſſoms riſe,
> But he, who plucks the fruit, and taſtes it, dies.

Few outrageous heroes, thank heaven, have ariſen of late years to ravage the earth. The *Goths* and *Vandals* are long ſince tamed and civilized. The pope is become a pacific chriſtian. Still indeed different ſtates have different quarrels; but they quarrel with a degree of policy and politeneſs unknown to the *Guelfs* and *Ghibellines* of former days. The fate of *Tuſcany* has been as material a change, as any that has happened of late years. It was aſſigned to the preſent emperor as duke of *Lorrain*, by the treaty of *Vienna* in the year 1736,

count of *Theodore*, in *the World*, No. 8. *Feb.* 22, 1753," written by Mr. *Horace Walpole*.

in

in exchange for *Lorrain* given to *France*. There is no ſort of appearance, at preſent, that it will again change its maſter. Should the revolutions of *Europe* hereafter require a new diſpoſition of *Tuſcany*, and were that diſpoſition to be made by force, no great time would probably be conſumed in effecting it. The troops of the great-duke amount not to three thouſand men. *Leghorn* indeed appears ſtrongly fortified after the modern manner. The other cities are but ſlightly defended againſt an enemy. *Florence* has three fortreſſes, ill ſupplied with cannon, and rather formed to annoy the town, and keep it in ſubjection, than to reſiſt a foreign force. *Florence* is encompaſſed on three ſides with high hills, from whence, by the preſent engines of war, the city might ſoon be reduced to an heap of rubbiſh. The hearts of the *Tuſcans* pant after a reſident grand-duke. They have great reaſon, their ſtate being much impoveriſhed ſince the death of

John

John Gaſton, the laſt of the houſe of *Medici*. In his reign the inhabitants of *Florence* were an hundred thouſand ſouls; they are now reduced to leſs than fourſcore thouſand *. Can there be a greater inſtance of a ſtate-atrophy? you will aſk, where are theſe people gone? to *Naples*. Who were they? not beggars; artiſans.

The forces of the great-duke by ſea, are very inconſiderable. Some years ago, he laid aſide his galleys, and purchaſed three old *Engliſh* merchant-ſhips, to execute a project, which had count *Richecourt* for its author. The ſcheme was this: the three veſſels were to be amply provided with cannon, and well manned with ſoldiers. They were to

* Having now a reſident great-duke, it may be preſumed this atrophy will ceaſe; and accordingly Mr. *Baretti* tells us, that "*Florence* and "*Leghorn* increaſe both in buildings and inhabi-"tants ſince their ſovereign reſides no more at "*Vienna*."

ſeize by ſurpriſe the treaſures of the emperor of *Morocco* *; to carry off thoſe treaſures, and to return to *Tuſcany*;

* A ſimilar project, in which the *Turks* might retaliate on the catholics by attacking the treaſury of *Loretto*, it lying ſo near the ſea-ſhore, and being ſo weakly guarded, has been mentioned, as very feaſible, by Mr. *Addiſon*; and he adds, that, "it would be an eaſy thing for a chriſtian "prince to ſurpriſe it, who has ſhips paſſing to "and fro without ſuſpicion, eſpecially if he had "a party in the town, diſguiſed like pilgrims, "to ſecure a gate for him." Mr. *Sharp* alſo wonders, "that ſome corſair, with a hundred "and fifty or two hundred men, ſhould not at-"tempt to ſurpriſe and plunder that church," and thinks "a *coup de main* well managed would "ſucceed." But the difficulties of ſuch an enterprize, as well as the treachery and inhumanity of it, have been juſtly ridiculed and expoſed by Mr. *Baretti*, in his *Account of Italy*, chap. iii. Though at the ſame time however unjuſtifiable it might be in a chriſtian prince, the catholics muſt allow that the *Moors*, if an opportunity ſhould offer, have juſt as much right to plunder the treaſures of *Loretto*, as count *Richecourt* and the *Tuſcans* had to ſeize the treaſures of *Morocco*.

from

from whence the capture was to be tranſported to *Vienna*. The deſign was diſcovered, and muſt have proved in itſelf of ſuch pernicious conſequence to the *Engliſh* commerce in thoſe parts, that the prudence and vigilance of Sir *Horace Mann*, (he is made a baronet ſince I named him to you) were judiciouſly exerted on the occaſion, and put an effectual ſtop to it. The diſappointment of count *Richecourt* has diſguſted him againſt the *Engliſh* miniſter, and againſt our whole nation. I have been aſſured the deſign was feaſible; the greater then, the diſappointment.

The conqueſt of *Tuſcany* would ſtill be rendered more eaſy by the tacit inclinations of the inhabitants to change their maſter. They would meet the conqueror with joy, if he intended to ſeat himſelf for life in the ducal throne. He would find no reſiſtance from the *Tuſcans* themſelves; perhaps little or none from the *Italian* troops in pay of the emperor.

Nothing is more irkſome to the *Flo-*

rentines, than to ſee every vacant poſt and employment filled up by *Lorraineſe*. Not an houſekeeper belonging to any of the palaces is an *Italian*. All ſwarm from *Lorrain*, drawn to this hive by the tinkling of count *Richecourt*'s bell. Moſt of them his relations; all his dependents. Hence ariſe hatred, diſlike, and ſilent murmurs againſt him and his maſter; but as theſe unhappy people are ſubdued, yoked, and impoveriſhed, they may hang up their harps, and ſit down, and weep by the waters of the *Arno*.

The annual revenue of the ſtate is ſaid to be about five hundred thouſand pounds ſterling; the annual expences of the government are about half that ſum. The reſt is carried out of the dutchy, and centers in *Vienna*. The ſtatues and pictures remain; but the plate, jewels, and other portable treaſures have all tended to the ſame center; in particular, the famous diamond *de' Medici* *, a *Venus* in its

* This diamond, according to *Tavernier*, weighs one

ſts kind, which the emperor, on days of feſtival and parade, wears in his hat.

Compariſons continually ariſe in my mind, when I behold theſe deſpotic ſtates, and conſider my own country. Heaven has placed us in ſo advantageous a ſituation, that, unleſs we are divided at home, attacks from abroad may moleſt, but cannot ruin us. Our laws are the laws of freedom; our merchandiſe the traffic of opulence. Our conſtitution is framed and joined together by the choiceſt parts, picked and

one hundred and forty carrats and a half, and was the largeſt in *Europe*, till Mr. *Pitt* brought from the *Eaſt-Indies* a diamond which weighed three carrats and a half more, and had beſides, a finer water. The great-duke is ſaid to have bought his of a *Jeſuit* for about 18,750 l. ſterling: The father gave only a ſingle *Paolo* for it, (6d. ſterling) it being offered to ſale as a bit of cryſtal. Mr. *Pitt* received from the regent of *France* for his diamond, about 67,000 l. ſterling.

extracted from ariſtocracies, democracies, and ſovereignties. We have a naval force able to defend, and maintain the empire of the ſeas. We enjoy wealth and poſſeſſions in both the *Indies*. We boaſt a regular, choice, and ſingular ſyſtem of parliamentary government, ſo nicely calculated, as to be at once the defence and ſupport of the king and the people. Our ſovereign has the power, but the parliament has ſtill the law of that power*. What people upon earth can ſay the ſame? can the republics of *Venice* and *Holland* (if the latter may ſtill be called a republic) boaſt of any liberty, equal to that of *England?* moſt aſſuredly they cannot. In what then do the *Venetians* excel us? in the great œconomy and frugality of their private families; in their temperance; in the inviolable ſecrecy of public and private affairs; in a

* "See *Bacon* on government."

certain

certain ſteadineſs and ſerenity, to which we are utterly ſtrangers. In what inſtances has *Holland* the advantage over us? in their induſtry, their vigilance, and their warineſs. They exert theſe to an exceſs; by which means, they turn their virtues into vices. Their induſtry becomes rapine; their vigilance fraud; their warineſs cunning. The government of *Switzerland* is democratical, and by no means to be compared with thoſe, which I have already mentioned. So that, take us all in all, if our ſteadineſs was not too often obſtinacy, our ſtrength ſullenneſs, our exultations madneſs, our depreſſions timidity, and our hatred and prejudices to each other, invincible, unreaſonable and abſurd, we might be happy at home, and revered abroad. As things are, our neighbours ſee and take advantage of our private diſſenſions. They rejoice to perceive us agreeing in no one point ſo unanimouſly, as in a

conſtant, and indeed a regular ſyſtem of luxury and licentiouſneſs, which, ſooner or later, they juſtly imagine, muſt debilitate us as much as they can wiſh.

I am, dear ſir,

ever your's,

CORKE.

P. S. In my ſeveral deſcriptive ſketches of *Florence*, I omitted one circumſtance, which ſurpriſed me, as it muſt all ſtrangers, to a great degree. At one of the windows of every great palace conſtantly hangs out an empty flaſk, to ſhew that the maſter ſells wine. The *Florentine* nobility receive the produce of their lands in kind *.

* Dr. *Smollett* has alſo mentioned this circumſtance in the following manner: "With all their "pride, the nobles of *Florence* are humble enough "to enter into partnerſhip with ſhop-keep-"ers, and even to ſell wine by retail. It is an "undoubted

" undoubted fact that in every palace, or great " houſe, in this city, there is a little window " fronting the ſtreet, provided with an iron " knocker, and over it hangs an empty flaſk, by " way of ſign-poſt. Thither you ſend your ſer- " vant to buy a bottle of wine. He knocks at " the little wicket, which is opened immediately " by a domeſtic, who ſupplies him with what he " wants, and receives the money, like the waiter " at any other cabaret." *Letter* xxvii.

This cuſtom is alſo deſcribed in much the ſame manner, by Mr. *Skippon*, who was at *Florence* in the year 1664. See *Churchill*'s Collection of Voyages, vol. vi. p. 641.

LETTER XIX.

Marignolle, May 5th, 1755.

METHINKS I took my leave of my dear friend, laſt *Thurſday*, in a dejected mood. I ſeemed to croak the approaching ruin of my country. I recall my prophecy. I retract my words. 'Though we are ſick, we are not dying; 'though we are loſing, we are not ruined; 'though we are ſhort-ſighted, we are not blind. Some noble ſpirits are ſtill left. Lord *Huntingdon** is one. He has paſſed the winter in *Florence*, with great honour to himſelf, and with juſt admiration from the *Florentines*. He has fortunate advantages; high nobility; politeneſs from obſerva-

* Now groom of the ſtole to his Majeſty.

tion;

tion; quickneſs from parts. If he goes on as he begins, he will be an ornament and a defence to his country. His friendſhip with lord *Stormont* †, who has lately been here, and whoſe abilities are undoubted, will render them both, in every ſenſe, *Par nobile fratrum.*

But hold—either I am deceived, or I hear you ſay, whiſperingly to yourſelf "why ſo much of our own coun-"try? why ſketches of lord *Hunting-*"*don*, and lord *Stormont*, whoſe cha-"racters I know? why not more par-"ticulars of *Florence?* why am I not "told, whether the *Italian* ſpring pro-"duces that delightful verdure, ſo ac-"ceptable to the eye, and ſo ornament-"al to the *Britiſh* iſlands?" no, no, my dear Mr. *Duncombe*, *Italy* produces no ſuch green. Enjoy the beauty, my friend, where you are. Be aſſured, you

† At preſent his Majeſty's ambaſſador to the court of *France.*

poſſeſs

poſſeſs it in a degree ſuperior to moſt, I believe to all other, *European* nations. The temperature of the ſpring is as various here, as in *England*; now warm, now cold; now calm, now ſtormy: the rains here are remarkably heavier. Since I have been accuſtomed to the *Italian* rains, I think the clouds only drop in *England*. They melt in inſtantaneous caſcades in *Italy*. With you, they only produce ſhowers; with us, they pour down cataracts. In truth, the difference is amazing.

Some of the windows of the houſe, in which we are ſituated, command a view of the ancient *Fiezole*, the remains of which moulder on the ſummit of a very high hill; inconvenient for want of water; moſt beautiful in point of proſpect. I view the place with particular pleaſure. It is claſſic ground. That *Etrurian* city was enlarged by *Sylla* the dictator. The renowned *Triumvirate*, *Octavius*, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*, improv-

ed it. It was then called *Florentia*; and when removed for the acquiſition of water, *Fluentia, quod ad Arni fluenta extructa ſit.*

The ſight of *Fiezole* reminds me of an inſtance in *Pliny* of *Etrurian* luxury, on which account you will not be ſorry perhaps that I ſhould recite it. " *Craſ-*
" *ſus dives, primus argento auroque folia*
" *imitatus, ludis ſuis coronas dedit. Ac-*
" *ceſſeruntque et lemniſci, quos adjici ip-*
" *ſarum coronarum honos erat propter E-*
" *truſcas, quibus jungi niſi aurei non de-*
" *bebant* *. If the ancient *Etruſci* were luxurious, the modern *Tuſcans* have followed their footſteps. The palaces of

* *Nat. Hiſt. Lib.* xxi. *Cap.* 3.

" *Craſſus* the rich was the firſt who gave away
" at his games chaplets of gold and ſilver reſem-
" bling leaves. Ribbons alſo were afterwards
" added as appendages, for more honour and
" ſtate, a device reſpecting thoſe *Tuſcan* crowns
" which were allowed to have no ribbons or
" laces hanging to them but of gold."

the *Strozzi*, *Medici*, *Corſini*, *Capponi*, &c. are ſtrong examples of it. If the old *Etrurians* were ſuperſtitious, the preſent *Etrurians* are no leſs ſo. The former burned incenſe to their nymph *Bygoe* †; the latter ſay maſſes in honour of *Santa Reparata*. The forefathers worſhipped *Pomona*; their ſons adore the virgin *Mary*. In theſe points there is no degeneracy. Nor are dreams and omens leſs efficacious at this day in *Tuſcany*, than they were at *Rome* in the reign of *Numa*.

Since I have attempted to draw ſome kind of compariſon between the ancient and modern inhabitants of *Tuſcany*, I muſt add, that, as far as I can obſerve, the hereditary fire and ſpirit of the ancient *Etrurians* have not deſcended in any great degree to their *Tuſcan* poſte-

† A nymph much reverenced in *Etruria*, who was ſuppoſed to have written a book concerning the manner of expiating thunder. "See *Muſæum Etruſcum*, vol. ii. p. 49."

rity. *Virgil*, who often mentions the *Etruſci*, conſtantly repreſents them as a warlike people. You remember, when the venerable and experienced king *Evander* ſpeaks of them, he ſays,

— — — *ubi Lydia quondam*
Gens bello præclara, jugis inſedit Etruſcis *.

And again,

Ergo omnis furiis ſurrexit Etruria juſtis †:

Courage is by no means at preſent the characteriſtic of the *Tuſcans*. Their bravery has been ſo little tried of late years, that their behaviour in battle is unknown. Superſtition, turned into en-

* *Æneid.* viii. ver. 479.
Torn from the *Tuſcans*, by the *Lydian* race,
In warlike people ſtrong.

† — — — ver. 494.
By juſt revenge the *Tuſcans* ſet on fire:
Dryden.

thuſiaſm,

thuſiaſm, will make cowards brave. The *Florentines* are ſuperſtitious, not enthuſiaſts. They tremble at thunder: they hear groans in church-yards: they ſee horſes without heads. They attribute every untoward accident to the devil. They are pinched by evil ſpirits. Deceaſed ſaints and martyrs appear to their fancy, ſometimes in an angry, ſometimes in a placid, diſpoſition. What *Augures* and *Aruſpices* began, chriſtian prieſts have continued. But nothing, not even prieſtcraft, keeps up the vein of ſuperſtition in *Florence* ſo effectually, as a certain lottery, inſtituted by the government for gain to the prince, and ruin to the people. I will endeavour to explain it to you.

There are ninety numbers. You write on a blank ticket, any five numbers you pleaſe, contained within the ninety. Few purchaſers go beyond the renowned lucky number, three. The loweſt price is a *paolo*, (ſix pence) a ticket.

ticket. You may go as much higher as you pleaſe. You will be paid according to the price at which you purchaſe. Let us ſuppoſe you purchaſe five numbers for a *paolo*. If one only of your five numbers be drawn a prize, it is of no conſequence; for it ſinks into the other four, if blanks; as a drop of water is loſt in the ſea. If two are drawn prizes, you are entitled to twenty *paolos*; if three, you are to receive four and twenty crowns; if four, twenty-five *zecheens*. A *zecheen* is ſomething leſs than ten ſhillings. If all your five numbers are prizes, you are entitled to an hundred *zecheens*. I have already ſaid, that if you had bought at an higher price, your payment would be proportionably equivalent to the ſum you paid in.

Theſe lotteries, (there are two, one at *Leghorn*, the other at *Florence*,) are drawn once a month, at different times; ſo that deſtruction comes round once in a fortnight.

No inſtance has been, or probably ever will be known of five numbers ariſing prizes to the ſame perſon.

Every poor wretch, who can command two or three *paolos*, drowns them moſt eagerly in this ocean of impoſition. The miſerable experience of ill ſucceſs has no effect on the minds of the vulgar. They pawn their cloaths to procure money for tickets. One of the officers of the revenue received a large ſum of money belonging to the great-duke. He put it privately into the lottery, loſt it, and was hanged. After his death ſeveveral hundred tickets were found in his bureau.

The ſuperſtitious part of the impoſition is this: The purchaſers of tickets, in order to be ſucceſsful, muſt faſt, during ſix and thirty hours; muſt repeat a certain number of *Ave Marias*, &c. muſt not ſpeak to any living creature during the whole time; muſt not go to bed; muſt continue in prayer to the virgin

and the ſaints, till ſome propitious ſaint or prophet not only appears, but declares the ſeveral numbers deſtined for ſucceſs. The watchers tired out by expectation, faſting, and prayer, fall aſleep, ſee the ſaint, hear and forget the numbers, acknowledge their forgetfulneſs, own the goodneſs of the holy viſion, and remain thoroughly convinced, that the oracle muſt be infallible. Again they buy tickets, again fall aſleep, again ſee prophets, and at laſt are ruined.

Two months ago a maid-ſervant purchaſed five numbers. Three came up prizes. She was paid twenty-four crowns. She declared, that the prophet *Jeremiah*, in the dreſs of a *Capuchin*, had named to her the numbers. *Jeremiah* is at preſent the ſaint in vogue. The lottery fills more and more, in honour and confidence of that ſon of *Hilkiah*, who had leſs influence, living, in the land of *Anathoth*, than he has, dead, in the land of *Tuſcany*.

We heretics ſuſpect, that the real prophet was the farmer of this branch of the public revenue, who, finding his lottery decreaſing, diſcovered, at the expence of four and twenty crowns, an effectual method of raiſing it again to its former baneful influence.

I have been particularly deſirous to ſet before you an exact detail of theſe monthly lotteries, as they are glaring examples of the method made uſe of, to carry on and ſupport the preſent government of *Florence*. They are let out to farmers, as are all the other branches of the grand-duke's revenue.

It is true, none of the nobility are preſumed to throw away *paolos*, or *zecheens*, in ſo low a manner. Perhaps they do not. Be it ſo. Their ſervants and their tradeſmen do; and the ill conſequences of the vices in the lower people, will be felt, ſooner or later, by the higher.

A government, ſubſiſting by artifice, and by oppreſſive ſchemes, is a tyranny of

of the worſt ſort. Yet, bad as it is, the *Florentines* dare not complain. Where the will of the prince is abſolute, the complaints of the people are ineffectual. Whither can they fly for redreſs? Vain is the appeal to a judge againſt his own decree.

During the commonwealth, the city was governed by eight and forty ſenators, who had the direction of public affairs, and the power to hear and relieve grievances. Theſe ſenators were a barrier even againſt any injuſtice that might proceed from the individual members of their own body. Their number was not leſſened during the reigns of the *Medici*; but their authority was much relaxed, and by degrees became little more than nominal. Since the preſent emperor's acceſſion, many of the ſenators are dead, and the whole complement is reduced to fifteen, or ſixteen. No vacancy is ever filled up; and, I am told, that the ceremony of aſſembling thoſe few who remain is entirely omitted.

When you conſider this fact, and recollect the ſituation of the preſent triumvirate council *, you will agree with me, that *Florence* is abſolutely governed by a ſingle vice-roy, a *Lorraineſe*.

The *Engliſh* are a happy people, if they were truly conſcious, or could in any degree convince themſelves, of their own felicity. They are the *fortunati nimium*. Let them travel abroad, not to ſee faſhions, but ſtates, not to taſte different wines, but different governments; not to compare laces and velvets, but laws and polities. They will then return home perfectly convinced, that *England* is poſſeſſed of more freedom, juſtice, and happineſs, than any other nation under heaven. With theſe advantages, it will be our own fault if we ſink into deſolation and ruin.

I am, dear ſir,

your ever faithful,

CORKE.

* See Letter XI.

LETTER XX.

Marignolle, May 31ſt, 1755.

INSTEAD of thoſe grave political reflections, with which my late letters have been filled, this ſhall convey to you, dear ſir, ſome anecdotes from the *Court of Love*. They begin in *Lorrain*, and, after a pretty long journey, will bring us back into *Tuſcany*. If they amuſe you, my end is anſwered. It is of no conſequence from what quarter of the globe the amuſement comes.

Leopold *, late duke of *Lorrain*, father of

* " His names were *Leopold-Joſeph-Charles*. He was born *September* 11, 1679, and died *March* 27, 1729. He was reſtored to his dominions, by the treaty of *Ryſwick*, in 1698. He was the ſon of *Charles-Leopold*, called *Charles* IV. and *Eleonora*,

of *Francis*, the preſent emperor of *Germany* †, was a prince of a very amorous conſtitution, and, 'though married to an amiable and moſt deſerving princeſs ‡, by whom he had ſeveral children ‖, he laviſhed his time, and the revenues of

nora, daughter of the emperor *Ferdinand* III." The preſent emperor and the great-duke of *Tuſcany* are his grandſons.

† He died ſince this letter was written, *Auguſt* 18, 1765, aged 56.

‡ " *Elizabeth de Bourbon*, daughter of *Philip* duke of *Orleans*, (brother of *Lewis* XIV.) by his ſecond wife *Charlotte-Elizabeth*, daughter of *Charles-Lewis*, elector-palatine. She was born in 1676, and married in 1698. Before her marriage ſhe was ſtyled " Mademoiſelle *de Chartres*." See *Les Souverains du monde*, Tome iii. p. 327."

" She owed her marriage," ſays Mr. *Keyſler*, " to baron *Lilienroth*, the *Swediſh* envoy, who, " at the peace of *Ryſwick*, propoſed it to the " houſe of *Lorrain*, as a means for creating a " better harmony between this court and that of " *France*." *Keyſler*'s *Travels*, vol. iv. p. 277.

‖ Viz. the late emperor *Francis*, prince *Charles* of *Lorrain*, and two princeſſes.

his

his dutchy, on his miſtreſſes, his illegitimate offspring, and the ſycophantic miniſters of his private pleaſures, leaving his dutcheſs, and his lawful heirs, almoſt in want of the neceſſaries of life. In this diſſolute manner he had mortgaged, or given away, ſo many different branches of his revenue, that one of his counſellors of ſtate, an old *Lorraineſe*, of great worth and honour, reſolved to withdraw the duke from the brink of ruin by the following method. "Be "pleaſed, ſir," ſaid he, "to reward the "aſſiduity of my long and faithful ſer-"vices by a grant of the whole revenue "of your ſalt-works." *Leopold*, amazed at ſo exorbitant a demand from one who had conſtantly endeavoured to retard and ſtop the laviſh gifts, that had been granted to other courtiers, aſked him, what inducement he had to require ſo profuſe a gratuity? "Sir," ſaid he, "I do not make this requeſt to your "royal highneſs, for my own ſake, but for "yours.

" yours. If you grant it, you will be " obliged, merely for ſubſiſtence, to re- " call the grant, and with it, I hope " you will recall all thoſe exorbitant " gifts and alienations, that have been " diſperſed among the moſt worthleſs, " the moſt diſſolute, and the moſt un- " grateful of your ſubjects."

This anecdote will repreſent to you that part of duke *Leopold*'s character ariſing from his amours. I will now exhibit to you one or two of the amours themſelves.

In the duke of *Lorrain*'s army was a general officer, a *Milaneſe*, the marqueſs of * * * * *, who had married a lady of his own country. The huſband and the wife were much eſteemed and diſtinguiſhed. He for his conduct in the field, and his underſtanding in the cabinet: ſhe, for her beauty, her virtue, and her prudence. The perpetual wars of duke *Leopold* frequently called the huſband to a conſiderable diſtance, and left the

the wife near the perſon of her ſovereign, fully expoſed to all his attempts and ſollicitations. She reſiſted them with true female heroiſm. They were repeated in various ſhapes; in preſents, in ſighs, in entertainments, in adoration. They were continued by a perſeverance of ſeveral years. At length, the lady entertained within herſelf ſome ſenſations in his favour. Her virtue was alarmed at the diſcovery; her fears were awakened. Conſcience and honour prepared themſelves to fight againſt love, pleaſure, and ambition. Leſt the combat might prove unequal, ſhe thus addreſſed herſelf to her huſband: "You have been," ſaid ſhe, "moſt conſtantly and moſt faithfully informed by me of the duke of "*Lorrain*'s courtſhip: I have not con-"cealed from you a ſingle circumſtance "of its progreſs. Your fortune and "your intereſt made me ſuffer it. I "ſuſtained his addreſſes with reſiſtance;

"I re-

" I repulſed his ardour by diſdain.
" That time is now no more. I can no
" longer look upon my royal maſter
" with indifference. He lays riches,
" honours, and power at my feet. Va-
" nity and ambition, not to mention
" deſire, tempt me to ſtoop, and ſeize
" the proffered treaſures. As yet, I am
" innocent: as yet, I am worthy of be-
" ing your wife. But that innocence
" ſtands tottering on the brink of a pre-
" cipice. On my knees I beg you to
" deliver me from the horrid dangers
" that ſurround me. Save me, ere I
" fall. Let us fly to *Milan*. Let us
" take refuge in our own native country.
" My ſoul, in ſpite of all temptation,
" ſtill prefers poverty with innocence to
" opulence with guilt. Let us go in-
" ſtantly, and live within the bounds of
" our own little fortune in the *Milaneſe*.
" Let us at once break looſe from the
" dangers of a luxurious court. Let us

" ſeek

" ſeek the happineſs ariſing from true " love ; and taſte the joys of uninter- " rupted affection."

The Marqueſs, who had attentively liſtened to the noble confeſſion of his wife, embraced the Marchioneſs with tenderneſs and tears, declaring, that he thought her equal, if not ſuperior, to the moſt virtuous and the moſt prudent of her ſex. He concurred with her in thinking, that an immediate flight was neceſſary. In a few hours after this remarkable ſcene had paſſed, they quitted the court of *Lorrain* with the utmoſt ſecrecy ; and ſoon reached their own eſtate in *Milan*, where they reſided during the remainder of their lives.

Leopold was in the ſame ſituation as *Henry* IV. at the ſudden departure of the prince and princeſs of *Condé* *. He was ſtruck

* See the *Life of Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigné* (lately publiſhed) p. 376. This biographer juſtly thinks that the paſſion of *Henry* IV. for the princeſs

ſtruck with the utmoſt anguiſh and aſtoniſhment at the loſs of a charming miſtreſs, whom he imagined he had almoſt conquered.

To baniſh melancholy, and to ſolace himſelf under this diſappointment, *Leopold* retired into the country, and ſought relief from rural diverſions. He roſe early, for he ſlept little. Shooting and hunting were his daily exerciſe. The nights were paſſed in gloomy remembrance of the Marchioneſs. One morning, as he was in purſuit of his game, he

princeſs of *Condé* (which occaſioned the flight above mentioned) " may be conſidered as the " moſt criminal and moſt diſhonourable action " in his life: the fire of youth, though it can " never excuſe a crime, may be urged as ſome " palliation; but *Henry* had no longer this to " plead, for he was fifty-ſeven years of age when " he died; and every circumſtance through the " whole proceeding was of ſo black a dye, that " it muſt remain an indelible ſtain on his " memory."

accidentally

accidentally met a girl, about fifteen years of age, watching in a field a large drove of turkeys. The ſun had not injured her complection. She was fair as *Venus*. She had in her countenance the bloom of health, the ſprightlineſs of youth, and the bluſh of innocence. Such an object at once effaced the virtuous *Milaneſe*. The duke of *Lorrain* made immediate enquiries after his new *Dulcinea*. He received information, that her birth was noble; but that the poverty of her father was ſo great, that he was obliged to employ his own children in looking after his poultry, by the ſale of which he procured great part of his ſubſiſtence. This circumſtance gave immediate hopes to the duke's deſires. He invited the impoveriſhed nobleman to court; he loaded him with honours and preferments. His highneſs deſired, or rather commanded him immediately to bring his family, and ſettle himſelf with them at *Nancy*. The royal orders were obeyed.

Leopold

Leopold was happy in the compliance of his new miſtreſs; who only inſiſted on an huſband, to ſcreen the honour of her father's houſe. On ſuch occaſions, huſbands are ſeldom difficult to be found. A young officer of high birth, the prince *de Craon*, was choſen for her conſort; he received her with all the ardour of love, and with an implicit obedience to his maſter's commands. His obedience made his fortune. The prince and princeſs *de Craon* ſhone with the utmoſt ſplendor, that the court of *Lorrain* could produce*. She was agreeable to the higheſt

* Of this prince and his family the following account is given by *Keyſler*. "In the late duke "of *Lorrain*'s time, the prince *de Craon*, of the "houſe of *Beauvau*, was in great favour, and "the duke omitted no means of enriching him: "for he not only beſtowed the lordſhip of *Craon* "upon him, and the poſt of maſter of the horſe, "but likewiſe other rich preſents; and often "ſuffered him to win from him at billiards, and "other games, thirty thouſand livres at a time.

"The

higheſt point of admiration. She was expenſive to the higheſt point of exceſs. Leſs endued with ſenſe than adorned with beauty, ſhe was inconſiderate and profuſe; not abſolutely without judgment; ſhe was generous and good-natured. Her thoughts (if ſhe ever thought) were entirely employed on her own perſon. She bore ſeventeen children*; yet by inceſſant care of her health, and

" The father of this nobleman ſtyles himſelf " count *de Marſan*, and his mother was counteſs " of *Matignon*." *Keyſler*'s *Travels*, *vol.* iv. *p.* 278. The reaſon of this extraordinary favour is not mentioned, and perhaps was not known to this writer.

* M. *de Voltaire* ſays, that " a ſon of this " prince, a hopeful youth, colonel of the regi- " ment of *Hainault*, in the *French* ſervice, was " killed at the head of his troop at the battle of " *Fontenoy* in 1745. The father ſerved in the " enemy's army, and his ſons in the king's." *Hiſtory of the War of* 1741. " His lady," ſays *Keyſler*, " may ſtill be reckoned a beauty, " though ſhe has had three and twenty chil- " dren. Her eldeſt daughter is co-adjutreſs at " *Remiremont*, and her youngeſt is married to the

and by the ſtricteſt attention to the preſervation of her beauty, on which her whole power depended, ſhe preſerved the freſhneſs of her complection, and the fineneſs of her ſhape, not only during the duke of *Lorrain*'s life, but to the day of her own death, many years afterwards. Though ſhe had an abſolute aſcendant over the duke's mind, and could turn and diſpoſe his reſolutions as ſhe pleaſed, ſhe never made an ill uſe of her power: on the contrary, ſhe delighted in doing beneficent actions, in obliging the nobility, in paying a profound duty and reſpect to the dutcheſs of *Lorrain*. Alas! in one inſtance ſhe wanted virtue; in all others ſhe had it in the greateſt perfection. Her huſband was of the ſame diſpoſition. Both were humane, liberal, eaſy, polite, and con-

" prince of *Lixin*." This letter is dated in 1731. The prince of *Lixin* being killed in the year 1734, in a duel with the duke (now marſhal) *de Richelieu*, near the *Rhine*, his widow, in 1739, married the marqueſs (afterwards duke) *de Mirepoix*, then ambaſſador from *France* to *Vienna*, and ſince to *London*.

deſcending;

deſcending; ſo that, after the death of *Leopold*, when the preſent emperor exchanged *Lorrain* for *Tuſcany*, in the year 1737, he appointed the prince *de Craon* ſole regent of his *Etrurian* territories.

Here the princeſs *de Craon* began a ſecond reign of ſplendor. Accuſtomed to magnificence, and born to be near, though not to fill, a throne, her actions were ſuch, as became royalty and imperial power: they were, at the ſame time, accompanied by ſo diſintereſted a generoſity, and ſuch an engaging ſweetneſs, that ſhe attracted the love of the *Tuſcans* to the higheſt degree. She ſoothed the pride of the *Florentine* nobility, but never departed from her own exaltation, as the regent's wife. Her court was crowded by noble ladies, who felt no envy, 'though they beheld ſuperiority. In her countenance appeared neither the marks of age, nor the leaſt traces of haughtineſs: her friendſhips were not particular, but univerſal: ſhe was in *Tuſcany*, as in *Lorrain*, beloved and eſteemed

eſteemed by the women, admired and revered by the men.

The excellent diſpoſition of her huſband was no leſs engaging. He was the ſoldier and the courtier, but not the man of buſineſs: he wanted the talents eſſential to a miniſter of ſtate. He was embarraſſed and overburdened by his dignity. He could face dangers in the field, but could not withſtand attacks in the cabinet: he knew how to command an army, but could not guide a common-wealth. He ſoon became conſcious of his own defects, and hourly began to find the want of an aſſiſtant. He recollected the abilities of monſieur *de Richecourt*, who was the ſon of a *Lorraineſe* advocate; and who had alſo been bred to the law. He fixed upon this man for his coadjutor; and, in a letter to the emperor, in which he acknowledged his own incapacity, he earneſtly intreated that his friend *Richecourt* might be ſent to *Florence*, with full and adequate power with himſelf in the government of *Tuſcany*,

cany, but without any particular denomination, or title. The requeſt was granted; and, when the prince *de Craon* found himſelf indulged in it, he acquainted the princeſs his wife with what he had done. "You have ruined us "then," exclaimed the princeſs, with ſome emotion; "I know *Richecourt*; "I know his ambition; I know his "cunning. While you were his ſupe- "rior, he was your friend. When he "becomes your equal, he will be your "enemy. Many months will not paſs "after his arrival, ere we are little bet- "ter than his ſlaves." *Richecourt* arrived, and the prediction of the princeſs was fulfilled. By a ſuperiority of genius, and an addreſs more adapted to manage and turn the weighty and intricate wheels of government, the aſpiring count *Richecourt* aroſe to the higheſt eminence of authority, in the ſame degree that the loſt prince *de Craon* ſunk into diſregard and contempt. Unable to ſupport daily inſults, the natural conſequence of ſo ab-

ject

ject a ſituation, the prince deſired to be recalled, and be permitted to end his days in *Lorrain*. The emperor allowed him to return, and reſolved to change the ſingle regency into a triumvirate council of ſtate; the particulars of which are inſerted in one of my former letters*.

The prince *de Craon* had contracted great debts in *Tuſcany*. He had lived far beyond his income. Before he could quit the *Florentine* dominions, he was obliged to ſell his plate, and the jewels of the princeſs, his wife. Old and poor, the melancholy pair returned to *Lorrain*. He died a few months after his arrival: She ſurvived him but a few years.

I am, dear ſir,

ever your's,

CORKE.

* See Letter XI, p. 121.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

LETTER I. p. 3. St. *Hubert.*] *Hubert* was fond of hunting, and purſued it even during the time of divine ſervice, at which he ſcarce ever attended. It was in this diverſion that God won him to himſelf; for (as it is related in the hiſtory of his life) he ſaw a ſtag appear before him having a crucifix twiſted in his horns, and he heard a voice which threatened him with the eternal puniſhments of hell, if he was not converted. This miracle is ſaid to have happened in the foreſt of *Ardennes*. *Moreri.*

" Enthuſiaſtic minds and heated imaginations hear voices and ſee viſions. We may charitably ſuppoſe that St. *Hubert* really thought the miracle performed."

Ibid. p. 6. St. *Remi.*] " St. *Remigius* was archbiſhop of *Rheims*. An anchorite foretold his birth to his mother, whoſe age was deemed long paſt child-bearing. He was a man of letters for thoſe times. He is mentioned as ſuch by *Apollinaris Sidonius*. See *Moreri*, from whom *Collier*, in his dictionary, differs ſome hundred years in point of chronology. The point at preſent is no longer material. Saints are going down hill very faſt."

Ibid. p. 10. *Flumineis Rhodanus, &c.*] This epigram is written in letters of gold, over the great gate of the Town-Houſe. There are four other lines, *viz.*

Quod nolis alibi quæras, hic quære quod optes,
Aut hic, aut nuſquam, vincere vota potes.
Lugduni, quodcunque poteſt dare mundus, habebis,
Plura petas, hæc urbs et tibi plura dabit.

Here no diſguſts, all pleaſures, you may meet,
And here, or no where, every wiſh complete.

Lyons affords whate'er the world can give,
And more, if more you aſk, at *Lyons* you'll
receive.

Mr. *Wright* juſtly obſerves, that, "if the city of "*Lyons* had not a *Sannazarius* to celebrate her "praiſes, ſhe ſeems to have had as good a "friend, though a worſe poet," in the author of the above.

LETTER II. p. 15. *Tacitus, &c.*] "See the latter end of the ivth book of his hiſtory."

Ibid. p. 16. The ſpeech of the emperor *Claudius.*] "This ſpeech is inſerted, with a tranſlation of it, in *Les Antiquités de la ville de Lyon*, tome i. chap. vii. p. 226." It is alſo printed by Mr. *Spon.*

Ibid. p. 17. *imminutæ mentis.*] *Etiam de Claudio agitanti, quod is compoſitâ ætate bonarum artium cupiens erat, imminuta mens ejus obſtitit. Annal. Lib.* VI.

"Thinking of *Claudius*, as he was of mature "and ſettled years, and deſirous of inſtruction, "his *mean underſtanding* was an objection."

"*Claudius* was only cenſor when he ſpoke this memorable oration before the ſenate of *Rome.*"

LETTER XI. p. 118. Mr. *Addiſon*'s *Travels.*] In another letter, mentioning theſe *Travels*, his lordſhip ſays, "I read them long ago; they diſap-"pointed me then: they diſappoint me ſtill. The "ſtyle is ſtiff, diſagreeable, and tame. They "were written in his early days. I wiſh he had "poliſhed them in his lateſt. He was the glory "of our *Engliſh* writers; but there are ſpecks in "the ſun."

The

The GENEALOGY of the House of MEDICI.

JOHN DE MEDICI,

The wiſeſt, richeſt, and moſt popular Nobleman in Florence, died 1415.

1
Coſmo,
Father of his country,
reviver of arts, &c.
born 1389
baniſhed 1433
recalled 1434
died 1464 (See Letter xvi)

2
Lorenzo,
born 1395
died 1440.

☞ See his deſcendants over leaf

Peter,
unpopular, reſolute and vindictive.
born 1416
died 1472 (See Letter xvi)

1
Lorenzo
the Magnificent,
Father of the Muſes,
born 1448
died 1492 (See Let. xii & xvi)

1
Peter
the Exile,
a traitor
to his country,
born 1471
baniſhed 1494
drowned
in the river
Garigliano
1503

2
John,
afterwards
Pope Leo X.
remarkable
for his abilities
and his vices,
born 1476
died 1513

3
Julian,
D. of Nemours, &c
born 1478
died 1516

* Lorenzo,
Duke of Urbino,
born 1492
died 1519

Catherine,
infamous for her cruelty,
married to Henry II,
King of France,
by whom ſhe had three
ſucceeding Kings.

Hippolito,
illegitimate,
afterwards Cardinal
born 1511
died 1535

2
Julian,
born 1453
killed by the Pazzi 1478.
(See Let. xii & xvi)

Julio,
poſthumous and illegitimate,
afterwards Pope Clement VII.
avaricious and deceitful,
born 1478
died 1534

Alexander,
illegitimate,
the firſt D. of Florence,
ſo made by Charles V. 1531
born 1510
killed 1536
ſucceeded by Coſmo I.

(See Letters xi & xv)

* This Duke of URBINO is generally ſuppoſed to have been the father of ALEXANDER the firſt Duke of FLORENCE.

LORENZO,

b. 1395—d. 1440

Peter Francis,
b. 1431—killed 1477

- Lorenzo, born 1463, died 1486
  - Peter Francis, born 1486, died 1525
    - Lorenzo the Popular, who aſſaſſinated Alexander the firſt Duke of Florence, born 1514, died 1547 without iſſue.
- John
  - Lewis, called John the Popular, died 1526
    - COSMO I. the firſt Grand D. of Tuſcany, a great wicked man, born 1519, died 1574 (See Let. xi & xv
      - 1 John, Cardinal, born 1543, killed by his brother Garcias 1562 (See Letter xv)
      - 2 Garcias, born 1557, killed by his father in revenge 1562 (See Letter xv)
      - 3 FRANCIS, 2d Grand Duke, born 1541, poiſoned by his brother Ferdinand 1587 (See Let. xvii)
      - 4 FERDINAND I. Cardinal, and afterwards 3d Grand Duke, born 1549, died 1609 (See Let. ix & xvii)
        - 1 Leonora, married to Vincent, D. of Mantua.
        - 2 Mary, married to Henry IV. King of France, by whom ſhe had Lewis XIII.
        - COSMO II. 4th Gr. Duke, born 1591, died 1621
          - 1 FERDINAND II. 5th Gr. Duke, born 1610, died 1670
            - 1 COSMO III. 6th Gr. D. & Canon of St. Peter's, born 1641, died 1723
              - 1 Ferdinand, Grand Prince, born 1663, died 1713, a martyr to Venus, and a diſciple of the Graces. (See Letter xii)
              - 2 JOHN GASTON, 7th and laſt Gr. Duke of this family, born 1671, died 1737, ſucceeded by Francis Duke of Lorrain, afterwards Emperor, and father of the preſent Grand Duke PETER LEOPOLD.
            - 2 Francis Maria, Cardinal, died 1710.
          - 2 Leopold, Cardinal, a patron of arts. (See Let. viii)
      - 5 Iſabella, married to the Duke of Bracciano, ſtrangled 1578 (See Let. xi)

Margaret Louiſa, d. to Gaſton D. of Orleans, gay and licentious, ſeparated from her huſband.

Charles Earl of Middleſex (afterwards Duke of Dorſet) being at Florence in the year 1737, when the Houſe of Medici became extinct, compoſed, on that occaſion, the celebrated elegiac ballad called ARNO'S VALE, which, by having the good fortune to be ſet by the late Mr. Holcombe with a plaintive ſweetneſs that does honour to his taſte and juſtice to the ſubject, is as well known to our muſicians as it is to our poets. However, as it cannot be more properly introduced, the reader will not be diſpleaſed with my inſerting it.

I.

WHEN here, Lucinda, firſt we came,
Where Arno rolls his ſilver ſtream,
How briſk the nymphs, the ſwains how gay!
Content inſpir'd each rural lay:
The birds in livelier concerts ſung,
The grapes in thicker cluſters hung;
All look'd as joy could never fail
Among the ſweets of ARNO'S VALE.

II.

But now, ſince good Palemon died,
The chief of ſhepherds and the pride,
Old Arno's ſons muſt all give place
To Northern ſwains, an iron race!
The taſte of pleaſure now is o'er,
Thy notes, Lucinda, charm no more,
The Muſes droop, the Goths prevail;
Adieu the ſweets of ARNO'S VALE!

THE END.